

THE
Metropolitan.

Vol. II.

AUGUST, 1854.

No. 7.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

MUCH is said and written now-a-days about our glorious liberties. This is the chosen theme of the school-boy declaimer, of the demagogue, of the statesman and orator in the halls of legislation. Not unfrequently, too, it is introduced where one would least expect to hear it mentioned — into what purports to be the chair of truth itself; and occasionally the political preacher gives additional weight to his argument by parading cannon balls on his desk! The minister of religion thus seeks to become the tribune of the people, and to gain greater popular influence by calling in political excitement to the aid of religion, already become in his hands, it would seem, a stale and worn out theme! This is itself one, and not the least significant, sign of the times.

We would not detract from the hallowed feeling of patriotism, which lies at the basis of all this outcry about liberty. Deeply do we love liberty, and fully do we appreciate that sentiment which deems it sweet to die for one's country, — *dulce pro patria mori*. This feeling, imbibed in early childhood, has grown with our growth, and become a part of our very nature. But age and reflection have tempered the indiscriminating enthusiasm of youth; and we are now enabled to see the vast difference which exists between true and false liberty, between real patriotism and deceitful demagogism, between sound conservative republicanism and false democratic radicalism.

Ours is, indeed, a beautiful theory of government. It solves the great social problem, and lays down what seems to be the just medium between the liberty of the masses degenerating into license, and the governing authority running into tyranny. Thus, it guards equally against the two extremes of anarchy and despotism, of which it were difficult to say which is the worse or more dangerous. By a wisely established and nicely arranged system of checks and balances, the mutual relations between the governing power and the governed are carefully guarded, and each is kept within its own appropriate sphere. The lowest citizen has equal rights with the highest, and the avenues to distinction and political power are open to all without distinction. The law, established by general consent for the general good, is held to be equally binding on all; and the high and the low, the rich and the poor, are alike amenable to its behests.

This is, indeed, a finely wrought theory; it fully realizes the ideal of the best human government, conceived by the great St. Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth century; and it is glory enough for the founders of our noble Republic to have caught up and carried out the thought of the Angelic Doctor. St. Thomas unfolds his idea in the following words: "Wherefore the choice of rulers in any kingdom or state is best, when one is chosen for his merit to preside over all, and under him are other rulers chosen for their merit, and the government belongs to all, because the rulers may be chosen from any class of society, and the choice is made by all."*

But is the practical development of the theory conformable to its just and beautiful principles? Have we succeeded in keeping up its primitive spirit and realizing its early promises? Has despotism been repressed, anarchy been curbed, and the just medium been thus maintained?

We propose briefly to discuss this question in the present paper. To narrow down the basis of the inquiry, with a view to its easier elucidation, we shall speak principally of that branch of it which regards practical religious freedom. This is avowedly an essential element of our liberties, secured to all by an express provision of our noble constitution. It is justly regarded as the pride and boast of our country, that every man is, by its constitution, left free to worship God according to his conscientious convictions. "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof,"—is a clause that guarantees, perhaps, the dearest privilege, or rather right, secured to all by that instrument.

All must admit that Catholics contributed fully as much, in proportion to their numbers and means, as any other class of citizens, to secure our independence. They cheerfully lavished both treasure and blood for this purpose. The Catholic armies of France fought side by side with our own brave soldiers, consisting themselves of both Protestants and Catholics, in the noble cause; which was thus successfully maintained against the banded soldiery of *Protestant* England.

When the struggle was over, and the final victory had been secured, Washington cheerfully awarded to Catholics the just tribute of commendation for their zeal and patriotism in the dark hour of trial; and generous men of all classes as willingly re-echoed the praise freely bestowed by the Father of his country. Among those who, in affixing their signatures to the Declaration of Independence, nobly periled life, liberty, and sacred honor to make it good, one was permitted to survive all the rest, as a standing memorial of Catholic agency in the great contest;—CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON, who ventured more in it than any other,—perhaps, so far as property was concerned, more than all the other signers together. True to the spirit of his Catholic ancestors of Maryland, who were the first to rear on this broad continent the banner of religious liberty, he entered heart and soul into the struggle, nor left the ranks till the victory had been won. The entire Catholic body in America shared largely in his patriotism; and none more so than the Irish citizens and their children, who had the additional stimulus of an hereditary feud with England.

These facts are as undoubted as they are glorious for the Catholics of this country. The inference fairly drawn from them,—and that which was drawn by Washington,—is manifest, that the Catholics of this republic are as fully entitled to civil and religious liberty as their Protestant fellow-citizens;—and this,

*Summa 1. 2. Quest. cv. art. 1.

not as a matter of mere courtesy and concession, but as a matter of clear and indisputable *right*.

It may be said that no one disputes this; that no American, at least, goes so far, in his opposition to the Catholic Church, as to deny the right of Catholics to equal religious freedom.

We wish, for the honor of our country, that this were so; but truth compels us to say that it is not. The contrary is openly avowed and acted on, in the full light of day and in the middle of this nineteenth century; by men, too, who have *liberty* forever on their lips, but whose most highly cherished occupation it is, to accuse Catholics of being the systematic enemies of free institutions. The pulpit and the press have combined to sound the alarm, to inflame popular prejudice, to stimulate the mob spirit, and to fasten on Catholics a wolf and lamb quarrel. What Thomas Jefferson once said of the Presbyterian clergy, may be fairly applied to our modern bigots: "They pant to re-establish by law that holy inquisition, which they can now only infuse into public opinion."* The odious declaration has gone forth from a hundred pulpits and a hundred presses, that Catholics are aliens in this country, that they are here only by sufferance, and that their religion is barely tolerated in this land of universal *freedom*! The arsenals of calumny are exhausted for weapons to assail us in the most tender point, that of our honor and our patriotism; and this is done too by men clad in the garb of a religion breathing charity and love, and who are forever boasting of their devotion to the cause of universal liberty! Oh! for a lash to scourge thee, hypocrisy!

We cannot disguise from ourselves the fact, that a dark cloud of religious and irreligious bigotry and despotism is lowering over our political horizon, threatening to break in destructive violence on our devoted heads. "Lighter in some parts, denser in others, but too heavy in all,"† it is everywhere menacing our nearest and dearest rights as Catholic citizens. Yet we quail not, under either its present or its still greater prospective violence. By anticipating it, we are already prepared for its utmost fury.

Come in what form it may, it can never destroy a Church which was built on a Rock, and secured by divine promise against all the assaults of the gates of hell. "If God be for us, who shall be against us?" The storms of persecutions of eighteen centuries have swept harmlessly over a Church,

"Oft doomed to death, tho' fated not to die;" ‡

and, with the divine succor, she can triumphantly withstand as much in the future as she has withstood in the past.

Let not our enemies deceive themselves by raising the standard of persecution against us, they injure only themselves, and they strengthen us; they prove the intrinsic weakness of a cause, which has to resort to such vile arms of the flesh to sustain itself; and they throw around their intended victim the invincible ægis of divine protection! Like the sturdy oak of the forest, — the hero of a thousand tempests, — which shoots its roots deeper into the soil and becomes more firmly fixed by each successive storm that agitates its branches, the Catholic Church, planted on the soil of this earth by the divine Husbandman, becomes firmer and more consolidated by the storms of persecution which sweep over it, threatening it with destruction.

* Letter to Mr. Short.

† Jefferson's Works, Letter clvii.

We shall probably be told, that this is all idle declamation; and that no serious designs against Catholic rights and liberties are entertained by any considerable portion of our Protestant people. Let us see. To what do the signs of the times clearly point on this subject? Facts are far more eloquent than words; practical demonstrations are much more conclusive evidence than idle professions. Now what are the facts?

We will allude to those only of most recent occurrence; passing over with a bare allusion the atrocious burning of the Charlestown Convent; and the destruction of the Catholic churches in Philadelphia, amidst the fiendish howls of mobs, lashed into fury by ministers of religion (!) parading the Bible in triumph, as their warrant for the atrocious deeds of blood and sacrilege! We gladly drop the curtain on scenes so disgraceful to our adversaries, and which we hope, — almost against hope, — may never again darken with their Erebus-like shadow the heaven-lit soil of the republic.

Yet the demoniacal spirit which prompted these atrocities has not been laid; it still walks forth with brazen front in our midst, and, like Lucifer from whom it springs, it still "goeth about, seeking whom it may devour." On the first occasion favorable to its dark purposes, it is prepared to re-enact, with renewed violence, its foul and ferocious orgies.

What else is indicated by the late disgraceful riots, with which one of the meekest, most amiable, and most accomplished of men, — the Ambassador, too, of one whose noble and benevolent private character tallies so well with his exalted position as chief minister of the Prince of Peace, — was greeted in his recent pacific mission to this country in many of our principal cities? He had injured no one; he had encroached on no one's right or principle; he had endeared himself to all who approached him, by the most winning kindness. The sovereign whom he represented was in relations of peace and amity towards our government and our people, of whom a respectable number looked up to him, with reverent affection, as to a spiritual Father. Ah! this was the real, the only unpardonable sin, that the Pope should dare send a Nuncio to this *free* country! Presumption unpardonable! The Nuncio must be assassinated, or driven in disgrace from the country.

But it would not do, to avow the real cause of the outcry that was to be raised against the illustrious stranger, who had sought our *hospitable* shores as a guest, attracted hither, perhaps, by our high-sounding professions of liberality and courtesy. Oh, no! This would ill accord with the praises of universal liberty, which were ever on the *lips* of the bigots. Some other pretext must be found for the fierce onslaught to be made on the sacred person of the ambassador of peace and love; and some fit tools must also be found to do the dirty work, lest the white cravats should be sullied!

Both are soon found. A filthy Italian apostate friar, who is lauded and endorsed by the *ministers of religion*, who lectures in foul English and on fouler subjects to gaping crowds, and whose pockets are well lined with the price of his apostacy, cheerfully offers, Judas-like, to betray into the hands of his enemies the servant who was "not to be above his Master." With extended palm, he eagerly clutches the proffered wages of iniquity, and in exchange he opens out his budget of invented calumnies, which are the more greedily swallowed, precisely in proportion as they are the more intrinsically absurd and incredible. *Incredible*, — *ergo verum*! Men who are not to be duped into believing what is true and credible,

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The *traitor* thus found, and well paid for his treason, it became easy to procure the *tools* for the dirty work of mobbing the Nuncio. The German *Freemen* (?)—a band of foreign renegades and openly avowed infidels,—aliens to the country in religion and in political creed,—many of them, perhaps, expelled from their own country “for their country’s good,”—willingly undertook the task, which was, in every respect, worthy of them. The brave and noble work of insulting and attempting to assassinate a defenceless stranger and guest, is commenced in Cincinnati, and it is continued in many other principal cities of the Union, by the worthy associates of the *Freemen*.

Meantime, the mass of the Protestant community looks on either quietly or approvingly. Our noble press, the champion of liberty, the chivalrous advocate of the weak against the strong, the loudly boasting organ of equal rights to all under the Constitution;—the press approves of the atrocious deeds of mob violence, either by open sanction, as in Cincinnati, or by silent connivance, as elsewhere; with but one or two noble exceptions, which do but strengthen the rule. Had the *independent* press, too, received its price? Was the larger portion of it silent for the same motive which paralyzed the tongue of Demosthenes of old; or did its *fearless* conductors, carrying their principles and their conscience in their pockets, deem discreet silence not only the better part of valor, but also the better course to be pursued with an eye to business?

Whatever may have been the motives, the fact itself is clear and unmistakable. The deed is done. The government, frightened by the clamor raised by a pack of foreign infidels and levelers, or afraid of the storm which might be raised by their numerous abettors, is struck suddenly dumb, and is rendered powerless; the unprotected ambassador, though fearless himself in the midst of threatened assassination, quietly leaves our inhospitable shores. Thus our glorious liberties are safe! Our national honor is nobly vindicated in the eyes of the whole civilized world; and both the lovers of liberty and the reputed advocates of despotism in Europe may proudly point to us as the model Republic!

But this is not all, nor half. The worst signs of the times remain yet to be alluded to.

The fiendish spirit, which achieved so brilliant a triumph in the *welcome* which it gave to the Nuncio, is now panting after new victories! It is openly appealing to the worst and fiercest passions of the mob for the destruction of Catholic liberties. It unblushingly employs a band of street brawlers to insult and calumniate Catholics, and to excite riot and bloodshed in our principal cities. These incendiaries are, directly, or, at least, indirectly, patronized by the noble press and the charity-breathing pulpit! The principle is boldly proclaimed by both, and it is further sanctioned by the verdict of popular indignation meetings, that the license to abuse, calumniate and taunt a large and peaceful class of fellow-citizens, in the public highways, is an essential part and parcel of our glorious liberties!

The spirit which animates these banded enemies of all truth, of all decency, and of all order, is clearly shown by the recent disgraceful tearing down and trampling under foot of the Cross of Christ at Chelsea, in sight of liberty-loving Boston! This brilliant feat was worthy of the *Christians* who had so openly fraternized with the infidel *Freemen*. If men are known by the company they keep, what are we to think of these pretended friends of the Bible? And if the very arch-enemy of Christ and of his cross were to emerge from the abyss, and were openly

to rear his rebel standard against the Church, on which side would the Infidel Freemen and their Christian abettors be found arrayed in the contest? It is a question for serious reflection.

Still further to aid in the settled purpose of destroying Catholicity in this free republic, our enemies have recently enlisted, as auxiliaries in the cause, a numerous band of unprincipled men, organized into the secret society of the Know-Nothings, under a chieftain well worthy of the clan,—the notorious gaol-bird *Judson*. This society boasts of reckoning its members by tens and hundreds of thousands; and in all our principal cities it boldly avows its purpose of laboring for the utter annihilation of Catholic rights and worship.

It is curious to observe how, with all their pretended hatred of foreigners and foreign influence, these unprincipled men fraternize with the most, and almost the only, pestilent class of foreigners with which our republic is infested, the impious German secret societies! The object of the Know-Nothings, openly proclaimed, is to bring to bear on our elections a powerful and well organized influence for the disfranchisement of Catholics.

With untiring zeal they concoct their nefarious plans, under cover of darkness—for, like other children of iniquity, they prefer “darkness to light”—and unless their purpose be overruled by Providence, no one can foresee the fatal results of this fearful organization. The worst feature about this whole matter is, that the mass of the Protestant community, it is much to be feared, sympathize with the Know-Nothings in their hatred of Catholicity. Humanly speaking, a reaction may be expected only in the contingency, which is not improbable, of the society working its own downfall by premature violence, or by tampering with other than Catholic interests. The time-serving politicians, if thwarted, may bring about the destruction of this secret organization, notwithstanding the favor shown it by the army of bigots. The prestige of the Protestant ministry has already been to a great extent destroyed by the noble independence with which Congress lately spurned their mammoth remonstrance, addressed to the Senate in the name of Christ! This is, at least, one good sign of the times.

What have the Catholics of the United States done to merit all this obloquy and bitter persecution? Have they employed foul-mouthed street preachers to insult their neighbors? Have they organized secret societies to crush the rights of other religionists? Have they excited mobs to burn down Protestant churches and schools? Have they addressed insolent remonstrances to our National or State Legislatures? Have they conspired against the interests of the country? Have they claimed any exclusive privileges? Have they refused, whenever called on, to fight the battles of the country, and to shed their blood in its defence? Have they done any thing of which they need be ashamed?

If they have done none of these things, if they have always sought to be quiet and good citizens of this noble republic, then why are they assailed with a rancor so ruthless? Why are they pursued like wild beasts of the forest? Why is the attempt made, in the name of liberty, to crush their dearest rights? Why are they singled out as the objects of denunciation and persecution?

If Protestants could maintain their cause by fair means, why resort to means so foul? Does not this consideration alone speak volumes on the subject, and show clearly to every impartial man on which side truth and the right lie, and on which side error and persecution? Is it the lamb who always muddles the stream?

But for the noble, and, under all the circumstances of aggravation, the heroic forbearance of the Catholics, it were impossible to say what bloody scenes might

not have been enacted in our Eastern cities on the occasion of the late scandalous and disgraceful exhibitions of insulting fanaticism. Sure we are, that Protestants would not have quietly borne with half so much obloquy, without resenting it in blood. It is the Catholic religion alone which can effectually teach self-denial and self-control under circumstances so harrowing to every human feeling.

Still, we do not despair of the republic. Underlying the troubled surface, there is to be found in our country a solid substratum of conservatism, which is, under God, the basis of our hopes for the future. It cannot surely be that barefaced and unblushing iniquity, wishing to keep all the liberty for itself, and to allow none to others, will finally gain the day, in a republic which has done and sacrificed so much for the cause of true liberty. It cannot be, that our noble flag, which has hitherto proudly floated over a free people, is to be draped in mourning over a liberty crushed and bleeding. A standard exciting, by a thousand memories, to deeds of valor and patriotism against the enemies of the country, it cannot surely become the banner of internecine civil commotions. An emblem of union and peace, — bearing amidst its folds the cherished national motto, *E PLURIBUS UNUM*, — it cannot but rebuke the spirit of those who, sheltered under it from oppression, seek to excite dissension and provoke civil war.

Long may it continue to wave over a happy, a free and a united people!

THE MISSION OF WOMAN.

THE WORLD AND ITS PLEASURES.

WHEN our Lord was on the point of consummating his sacrifice, he wished to leave us the expression of his last will in that admirable discourse which he addressed to his disciples, and which St. John has transmitted to us. Every word of that sublime allocution derives a peculiar character of solemnity from the circumstances in which it was pronounced. The Saviour was soon to leave the earth; he perceived already the rays of that celestial glory which the humiliations of his approaching passion were to procure to him. His mind, intent on heaven, and bound to earth which he was on the point of watering with his blood, only by the immense love which caused him to shed it, he blended in harmonious confusion the holy sadness of exile which for him was ending, with the divine joys of the celestial country which his death was to open to us.

Now, what strikes us immediately in reading this discourse of Jesus, is his profound aversion to the world and to all worldly things. At the very moment in which charity overflowed His heart and spread itself over men with great abundance, an invincible repulsion, a deep hatred, manifests itself in Him, and pours from His lips words of malediction that contrast in a singular manner with the expressions of tenderness which abound in this discourse. This same Redeemer who on the cross prays for His executioners, and seeks with ineffable charity to excuse their malice, declares, before ascending Calvary, that He does not pray for the world, but for those whom His Father has given Him. Hence it is easy to conclude that God has not given Him the world, that the world is shut out from the sphere of His influence.

We shall probably be told, that this is all idle declamation; and that no serious designs against Catholic rights and liberties are entertained by any considerable portion of our Protestant people. Let us see. To what do the signs of the times clearly point on this subject? Facts are far more eloquent than words; practical demonstrations are much more conclusive evidence than idle professions. Now what are the facts?

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THE MISSION OF WOMAN.

THE WORLD AND ITS PLEASURES.

WHEN our Lord was on the point of consummating his sacrifice, he wished to leave us the expression of his last will in that admirable discourse which he addressed to his disciples, and which St. John has transmitted to us. Every word of that sublime allocution derives a peculiar character of solemnity from the circumstances in which it was pronounced. The Saviour was soon to leave the earth; he perceived already the rays of that celestial glory which the humiliations of his approaching passion were to procure to him. His mind, intent on heaven, and bound to earth which he was on the point of watering with his blood, only by the immense love which caused him to shed it, he blended in harmonious confusion the holy sadness of exile which for him was ending, with the divine joys of the celestial country which his death was to open to us.

Now, what strikes us immediately in reading this discourse of Jesus, is his profound aversion to the world and to all worldly things. At the very moment in which charity overflowed His heart and spread itself over men with great abundance, an invincible repulsion, a deep hatred, manifests itself in Him, and pours from His lips words of malediction that contrast in a singular manner with the expressions of tenderness which abound in this discourse. This same Redeemer who on the cross prays for His executioners, and seeks with ineffable charity to excuse their malice, declares, before ascending Calvary, that He does not pray for the world, but for those whom His Father has given Him. Hence it is easy to conclude that God has not given Him the world, that the world is shut out from the sphere of His influence.

His intention is still more clearly manifested in the sequel, when He represents the enemy of God and men as the prince of this world; when He affirms that the Paraclete will convict the world of sin; when He assures us that the world cannot receive the spirit of truth, and that it will persecute all His true followers, because He will not find in them anything belonging to itself.

Thus from the words of the Son of God himself, we see that there exist two camps, two armies, two kingdoms opposed to each other, having each its chief, its constitution, its laws and its end, forced by their very nature to fight against each other without any expectation of ever terminating this war by a durable peace, or even of suspending their mutual enmity for a few moments by a sincere truce. Every one, therefore, is bound to choose the kingdom to which he wishes to belong, the chief whom he wishes to obey, the standard under which he wishes to fight; for, to prevent any compromise, Christ declares elsewhere that no one can serve two masters.

The woman of the world who tries to persuade herself that she may be a Christian, and yet remain attached to worldly maxims, deceives herself; and the Christian who imagines that he may continue to be a disciple of Christ whilst he adheres to the world, to its pomps and vanities, is strangely mistaken, and his error will become for him the source of numerous faults and bitter regrets. Whoever seeks to persuade you that you can reconcile the maxims of the world with the principles of the Gospel, the vanities of the world with the humiliations of the cross, the pomps of the world with the simplicity of the Christian life, is a deceiver and a liar; and should an angel from Heaven tell you another story, you ought to disbelieve the testimony, because he would preach another Gospel than that of Jesus Christ.

When we hear the Saviour declare that He prays not for the world, and see Him afterwards pray on the cross for His executioners, we are surprised at first, and ask ourselves what can there be so wicked in the world, and how can God prefer to it those who have committed the greatest crimes. But when we reflect on the nature of the world, and consider attentively the corruption of its maxims and their fatal results, we begin to understand the severity of Jesus Christ in its regard, and the preference over it which he gives to crimes that the world itself condemns.

There are faults which suppose in the perpetrator a certain energy of will, faults which spring from a violent passion, and which carry with them, in some manner, their own punishment by the shame or the remorse with which they are accompanied, and by the horror they inspire. They draw on the sinner almost immediately the wrath of God, who punishes him in this life, and causes him to find a means of repentance in the contempt or the hate of the world. The criminal, seeing himself spurned by the world, and finding no refuge for his mortified pride, is, as it were, forced to fly to God for the protection which is refused to him in all other quarters; and unable as he is to rise again in the eyes of men, he endeavors at least to regain in his own eyes the esteem denied him by the unfeeling severity of mankind.

But there are actions, habits, inclinations, condemned by Christian morality, for which the world is supremely indulgent. The heart which gives itself up to these, soon becomes their slave. As nothing warns it, interiorly or exteriorly, of the dangers to which it exposes itself, it falls asleep in a false peace, and feels not the necessity of having recourse to God for assistance and protection, since men most willingly afford it both. Pleased with the world, which flatters and deceives it,

pleased with itself, because of the illusions which it indulges, it quietly enjoys the apparent advantages of vice and virtue, and gradually reaches a degree of corruption and obduracy from which it can recover only by a miracle of divine mercy.

Women are subject in a particular manner to these illusions. They are generally preserved from excesses that shock, owing to their delicate sensibility and to the sacred barriers which decorum prevents them from overstepping; but they are more exposed to the failings which the world easily overlooks, yet which waste the energies of the soul and render it insensible to the charms of virtue, and incapable of the efforts which virtue requires. They imagine virtues and duties different from those prescribed by the Gospel, and make for themselves a sort of natural Gospel, in which their passions find an encouragement, their most extravagant desires and most palpable irregularities, a pretext. When they have reached such a state, they are lost to God whose grace they despise; lost to their family which they neglect; lost, in fine, to themselves, because they allow the good seed which God had sown in their heart, and which a Christian education had cultivated, to remain unproductive and even to perish.

Thus the world, which is full of dangers for a young man, is much more so for women, because they find in it food for all the little passions that so easily occupy their heart, and which doom their whole life to a deplorable sterility. There is an age when the man who was the slave of the world breaks his bonds, and seeks in a higher sphere occupations more worthy of his mind and heart. But the woman who, at an early age, has become the slave of the world, far from seeing her humiliating bondage disappear with the advance of years, feels, on the contrary, her chains become heavier every day. The older she grows, the fewer resources she finds in herself, the more she feels that the pleasures and frivolous enjoyments of the world are necessary to her; and when she can no longer love it, she still finds the means of paying her homage to it by causing it to be loved by the young, and by initiating them into all the follies which are now too burdensome for her old age.

Frequently, even women, when they are still young, bear with impatience the yoke imposed on them by the world. The noble instincts of their nature revolt against this degrading slavery, and aspire to more elevated regions; but false notions of duty, of propriety, and apparent necessity carry them away and triumph over their repugnance. Habit, which plays so important a part in life, and which renders tolerable the most painful things, which renders even almost necessary what was most irksome at first,—habit softens by degrees what was disagreeable in the usages and formalities with which the votaries of the world are obliged to comply. The mind and the heart, in proportion as they lose their primitive vigor, accustom themselves more easily to a kind of life that requires no effort from the nobler faculties of the soul, and in which mediocrity is sure to surpass endowments of the first order.

Curiosity, so natural to woman, finds an aliment in those frivolous conversations, in which the actions and intentions of our neighbor are scrutinized with incredible levity, and in which she who shows most rashness in her suspicions, and most severity in her judgments, is voted in the right. Vanity is fostered in those assemblies where no attention is paid to the solid qualities of the mind and the heart, but where the only means of distinction is to display a superior extravagance in objects of luxury, and a more marked affectation and hauteur of manner. Coquetry is gratified in those parties, where a woman destitute of mental charms, displays to the eye of the curious her physical form decked out in the most seduc-

ing attire; where her merit is estimated by the cost of her dress or the lightness of her manners. Idleness is strengthened by an unoccupied life, in which the soul, entirely given up to exterior objects, finds no time to enter into itself, to dwell on serious thoughts, or to aspire to heavenly things. Pride is nourished by that seeming regularity of worldly women who shun great excesses, not so much on account of their moral deformity as of the inconveniences which result from them, and who think that they thus acquire the right to indulge without scruple all the petty passions which the world tolerates or justifies. The soul wastes itself and degenerates in that frivolous and restless mode of existence; and when God wishes to impart His grace to the heart, He finds it, as it were, in a fainting condition, incapable of a sacrifice or an effort, and is often forced to withdraw forever, or to wait till some calamity has restored vigor to that enervated will.

CATHOLIC JOURNALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE time has arrived when it behooves the Catholic body in this country to bring into requisition, for the cause of religion and of social order, all the elements of that conservative power which it has at command. Christianity is not only assailed in certain points of its dogma and discipline: a vast and powerful combination has been formed to eradicate it wholly from the popular mind. In this warfare against religion, Catholicity is the chief point of attack, and here a widely diffused and energetic sectarianism becomes the auxiliary of open and undisguised infidelity. The consequences of this determined opposition to the Church are visible in the social as well as in the religious sphere. Until within the last ten years, American society, blessed by those noble institutions for which our forefathers so freely poured out their blood and treasure, could boast of some security in the general prevalence of the political and moral principles which form the basis of our national government: but the plague of infidelity, which has desolated so vast a portion of the European continent, has wafted its infection to our shores, and sown the seeds of a political convulsion which may well arouse the Christian and the patriot to a keener sense of duty. That the spirit of irreligion and political radicalism, so extensively at work in this country, is witnessed with comparative indifference by the masses, and that its fearful threatenings are unheard or overlooked by our eminent statesmen, are facts which cannot be denied; and it is equally undeniable, that in the ranks of those who eschew and abhor the doctrines of infidelity, and profess to be governed by that law of charity, the distinctive characteristic of the disciples of Christ, an increased spirit of hostility has been aroused, and thus have the elements of social disunion been suffered to gain ground, in a land of liberty, where the national sentiment, both religious and political, most emphatically denounces such disorders in theory. Can it be said that the periodical press has contributed to this morbid condition of the public mind? We unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative. The press is chargeable with an ample share of the guilt. It has sinned, in some cases, by positive effort and connivance; in others, by a faithless performance of the responsible duties which are attached to journalism. If the flame of civil war be ever kindled in the United

States, which God forbid; if the glorious fabric of republican liberty, as reared by our ancestors, ever crumble into ruins, the crime of this catastrophe will lie at the door of those whose partricial pen will have lent itself to the corruption of the ballot-box, to the excitement of religious feuds, to the arraying of brother against brother in the great national family. The venality of the press, its violent partizanship, its sectarian bitterness, its partial vindication or total disregard of injured right, its omission promptly to denounce radicalism and violations of law, no matter under what circumstances they may occur, and to proclaim the principles by which Americans profess to be governed, are offences in their nature treasonable, because tending effectually to the perversion of the popular sentiment and the destruction of our political organization.

But, what reference can these remarks have to the Catholic periodicals of this country? Are they in any degree responsible for the evils to which we have alluded? Certain it is, that Catholic journalism, if true to itself, cannot lead to results like those which we have indicated. If guided, as it professes to be, by the teachings of the Church of God, it can give no support to infidelity, heresy, immorality or radicalism in any shape or form. It combats for religion, by exhibiting the evidences of revealed truth, and it battles equally for the state by defending the rights of legitimate authority. Though not implicated in matters of a purely civil or political nature, its office is partly to vindicate and diffuse those moral principles which lie at the basis of social order, and are essential to the stability of all human governments. But the question may arise, how has Catholic journalism performed its part in the contest between error and truth, right and wrong? Has it maintained, in the arena of religious discussion, that dignified and advantageous position which will always elicit the respect, if it do not compel the assent of its adversaries? Has it deserved well of the Church, by an able exposition and defence of its doctrines and practices? Has it been a source of light, strength and edification to the Catholic body, binding it together more closely in the unity of faith? Has it been a messenger of peace and blessing to those without, healing instead of irritating the wounds of prejudice, laboring to harmonize the minds and hearts of men; in a word, "doing the truth in charity," that "we may in all things grow up in Him who is the head, Christ?" *

Few, perhaps, will venture to deny the importance of this inquiry. In the general onslaught upon the true Church by the sectarian and secular press of the United States, how can it be a question of little moment whether the Catholic body has its competent representatives and advocates at the bar of public opinion? When it is certain, on the one hand, that in the present state of society religion and morals must have their exponents in the press as well as in the pulpit, and on the other, that inadequacy on the part of the press is often more prejudicial to the good cause than its total silence, it is manifest that the general character, tone and efficiency of our Catholic journalism afford a subject for serious investigation; a subject in which the Catholic community are vitally interested, and which they should consider as having an influential bearing, for good or for evil, upon their future religious and social position in this country. From this point of view, the examination of the question rises far above the mere literary disquisition: it assumes the character of a duty; for there must exist, somewhere, an obligation to watch over this as well as other departments of literature, to encourage and applaud what is useful, and to caution the public against that which is detrimental

* Ephes. iv, 15.

to religion and society. Believing it a part of our duty, as journalists, to express a critical opinion on this subject, or rather to present the grounds for the formation of a correct judgment, we shall do so fearlessly and impartially, in the hope that our efforts, however feeble, may awaken attention to this question, and lead, where necessary, to a more successful organization of our Catholic periodical press.

Amidst the dominant utilitarianism of the age, it is not surprising that the high and responsible character of the journalist should be more or less misapprehended, and that the business of publishing or editing a periodical should oftentimes be conducted with little or no sense of the moral accountability attending it. We do not intimate that it is unlawful for the conductors of a journal, to propose to themselves as an object the pecuniary profits arising from it: we refer simply to the evil, so often exemplified, of making this temporal advantage the controlling element of the concern, and thus sacrificing to subordinate considerations the chief end of journalism, which is the promotion of virtue and happiness in society by the diffusion of useful information. The danger of overlooking the essential qualities which belong to an efficient journal, may spring from an imprudent and precipitate zeal, as well as from private interest; but whether or how far the Catholic press in the United States has suffered from these causes, we do not pretend to judge: we shall leave the decision of this point principally to our readers, after having placed before them a brief exposition of the features that should distinguish the religious press, and given them an insight into the history of our Catholic journalism.

The object of a Catholic periodical, as we conceive it, should be to convey such instruction and information as tend to "the edifying of the body of Christ," as St. Paul expresses it, or the building up, in the minds and hearts of men, of that spiritual structure which consists in believing and practising the doctrines of Christianity. Hence the exposition and vindication of Catholic faith and discipline, in all their multiplied relations, the review of current literature, and a correct statement of events in the religious world, constitute properly the sphere of the Catholic journal, though a wider range of subjects may be introduced as subsidiary to the end in view, and by way of mingling the agreeable with the useful. The quarterly, monthly, and weekly periodical have each their appropriate and specific mode of accomplishing the same end, differing only in the extent to which they embrace one or more of the above-mentioned topics. The record of events is confined to the weekly and monthly publication. Each class of periodicals, however, to be successful in its mission to society, must be characterized by learning, judgment and virtue.

By learning we understand a liberal degree of mental cultivation, or a competent knowledge of the various subjects which form the contents of a religious journal. That the editor who conducts one, should be possessed of this qualification, is obvious. How could he explain a dogmatical point, or discriminate between matters of faith and opinion, if he be not well versed in theological science? How could he undertake to expound the principles of ethics, if he has not studied the moral law? How could he venture to instruct and edify his readers, by exhibiting the artistic, historical, or devotional character of the ceremonies used in the Church, if he has not made this attractive department of religion, the subject of his attentive examination? How can he enter the lists with the numerous and able adversaries of the true faith, if he is not armed with the panoply of knowledge which will confound their efforts? It cannot be denied, that the press of this country, religious and secular, which is antagonistic to the Church,

is conducted generally with considerable talent, and has a vast circulation. From the daily newspaper up to the quarterly review, Catholicity is assailed with fiery zeal, and with the most specious arguments, in her principles, her practices, and her general influence upon civilization. No efforts, indeed, of the Catholic press, however well directed, will ever put an end to this warfare: it will continue with more or less violence to the consummation of the world, because it is the destiny of the Church of Christ and one of the brightest evidences of her truth, to suffer from the perpetual and combined assaults of men. But it is not less her mission to protest constantly against the blindness and sophistry of her enemies, and to ask in the language of her Divine Founder, "if I say the truth to you, why do you not believe me?"* This office belongs primarily to her chief pastors, to whose vigilant care has been entrusted the sacred deposit of faith, and who being "the light of the world"† and deputed to "teach all nations,"‡ should be able, as St. Paul expresses it, "to exhort in sound doctrine and to convince the gainsayers."§ This qualification of learning which the Church requires in her bishops, is demanded for the same reason in all who are destined to share with them the exalted function of preaching the truths of religion: and it is well known by what salutary laws and institutions the adequate instruction of the clergy has been provided for, that they may be fitted to teach their fellow-men. Incompetency of knowledge is considered an essential defect in one who aspires to holy orders, and the 8th Council of Toledo has not hesitated to declare, "that the vengeance of God and the Church hangs over the bishop and those he is about to ordain, when he suffers ignorant candidates to invade the sanctuary."§ Now these remarks are all applicable, in a subordinate degree, to the Catholic journalist. His periodical goes forth as a teacher, an informant and guide of the public, on subjects of dogma, morals, literature, and the events of the day: he is therefore bound to possess that competent learning which will guard him against the utterance of unsound doctrine. Whoever assumes the practice of a profession, is obliged *titulo justitie*, to exercise it with at least that degree of knowledge which is essential to the performance of its duties; and hence, the religious journalist is no more excusable in being unacquainted with the sacred sciences, than the lawyer, the physician, the school-master or the clergyman would be, in not having informed himself sufficiently on those subjects which appertain to his particular calling, and by which he professes to enlighten or otherwise serve his fellow-men.

The editor is under this obligation, even when his journal possesses no official or authoritative character: because by the very fact of constituting himself a public instructor, he incurs the responsibility of performing his task in such a manner as will not mislead the people, or cause any detriment to religion. If, in a private character, he is bound not to give scandal, how much more should he beware of the aggravated evil which may follow from his relation with the public at large? Let it not be said, that when a journal appears on its own responsibility, it carries with it no influence beyond that of the individual who conducts it: that its contents are taken for what they are worth, and that the blunders which he commits are only reflected upon himself. This is far from being the case. The mass of readers are incapable of discriminating, in many instances, between sound and unsound doctrine, right and wrong: and they are just as

* John viii, 46.

† Matt. v, 14.

‡ Matt. xxviii, 19.

§ Tit. i, 9.

§ Nullus ad sacra veniat indoctus; aliter ordinaturis et ordinandis imminet Dei et Ecclesie ejus vindicta.

likely to adopt the errors of an editor as his accurate teaching. Moreover, a religious publication, though it may not bear on its title-page any official sanction or approbation, is always viewed by a large portion of the community in the light of an authorized instructor, and if it happen to be conducted with spirit, or to be liberally seasoned with that frivolity which is better adapted to the morbid appetite of the multitude, than to the proper direction of the popular mind and heart, it will frequently have greater weight in forming the judgment than declarations from a more grave and authoritative source. When a journal is published with the approbation of the ordinary, or as the organ of a diocese, its general contents do not derive from this circumstance an official character, nor does a bishop intend to be responsible for the performance of the editor. It cannot be denied, however, (taking a practical view of the subject), that the episcopal sanction has the effect of investing a periodical with an air of authority among the members of the Church, and with an official bearing among those out of her communion. For this reason it is the more necessary for the editor of such a journal to be possessed of liberal acquirements.

Were we to examine in detail the serious consequences of ignorance in the editor of a religious paper, the amount of injury inflicted upon the Church, society and individuals, by his unfitness for the post which he occupies, the truth of the preceding remarks would appear in a much stronger light. We have not the space, however, to enter upon this investigation: we shall merely observe, that the errors which flow from this source are reducible chiefly to erroneous views of doctrinal points, literary criticism of a superficial or unjust character, and false statements of history and current events. We may also remark, that the evil impressions thus produced upon the public mind, being justly imputable to the culpable ignorance of the journalist, his position is one of grave responsibility, and imposes on him, in some cases, the obligation of repairing the injury which the character or business of his neighbor may have sustained through his want of competent knowledge.

It will not be out of place, in considering the amount of learning which the editorial office absolutely requires, to say a few words in relation to the literary accomplishments and resources, which, though not matters of necessity, are calculated to give increased efficiency, interest and respectability to a religious periodical. It is an old saying, founded on the very constitution of our nature, that the successful writer should mingle the agreeable with the useful; "*omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*" If an editor, in addition to a sound mind and adequate stock of learning, possesses an exuberant fancy and a tolerable acquaintance with the classical literature of ancient and modern times, he will have great facilities for the forcible expression of his thoughts, the illustration of his subjects by appropriate imagery, and for clothing his ideas in all the charms of a polished and elegant diction. With these qualifications, his journal will attract attention, and his articles will be read as a source of equal pleasure and instruction. On the other hand, when the editor of a paper is below mediocrity in this respect, when he is sadly deficient in the knowledge of the language in which he writes, when, as it often happens amongst us, his articles are disfigured with continual blunders against orthography and syntax, to say nothing of prosody; when, in addition to all this, there is a goodly sprinkling of typographical errors, where the rules of correct composition have been respected, the paper is merely received to be thrown aside. A journal of this sort cannot command respect, and though it may not sin *in materia gravi*, its usefulness is almost entirely destroyed. In reading a late

number of one of our Catholic weeklies, we discovered in a single paragraph no less than a dozen inaccuracies of various kinds, three of which were grammatical errors, three misstatements of fact, and the remainder the result of careless printing. On the same page of the paper, there were numerous other faults of typography, one of which was so egregious that it involved the meaning of the writer in impenetrable darkness.

Whatever may be the abilities of a writer who has the sole duty of supplying the columns of a journal, it is in most instances impossible for him to devote them exclusively to this literary work. Few Catholic periodicals in this country furnish a support to their editors, who are consequently obliged to labor in some other field for a portion of their maintenance. In some cases, also, where the editor is a clergyman, the more imperative duties of the ministry or of some other position necessarily demand much of his time, and but few moments of it, comparatively speaking, are appropriated to the preparation of material for his journal. From circumstances of this nature a periodical will suffer very materially, unless the work which it requires, and which is fully sufficient to engage all the energy and industry of one editor, is shared by other competent writers. It is such a combination, principally, that gives prominence and influence to a Catholic periodical, and establishes it on a permanent and profitable basis. When the contents of a paper are furnished by a body of able contributors, fully alive to the magnitude of the object they have in view, a more extensive range of subjects is opened for consideration; their communications are likely to have a useful and interesting application to the wants of the times; the essays, whether doctrinal, critical or historical, are better digested and more carefully written; the intelligence department is a comprehensive summary, and altogether reliable for its information, though not the first perhaps to have published the *news*. Poetry and fiction, also, when introduced, are of a character corresponding with the general excellence of the periodical. In short, the journal is such as to be always welcomed by its subscribers, clergy and laity, who find in it an able and interesting exponent of Catholic sentiment, and a champion of the faith which its adversaries themselves are compelled to respect. In no country is this co-operation of talent and learning more necessary than in the United States, for the reasons already specified, and it is gratifying to know that writers are not so rare amongst us as to render it impracticable. Certain it is, that a weekly or monthly religious journal, of that high tone and influential character which is found on the continent, to which the Catholic may point with pride as a source of light and shield of strength, cannot be expected to flourish where an able and industrious force is not employed to maintain it. Brief editorials against Protestantism, railery of its ministers, ebullitions of sarcastic wit, hasty notices of new books that have never been read, a confused jumble of news, vapid sentimentalism, personal quarrels, bad grammar and bad printing, are things easily crowded into a paper when the time of publication presses: but these are not the accompaniments, much less the constituents, of that Catholic periodical press which is demanded by the times in which we live. Every paragraph, nay, every line and word that enters into a journal now-a-days, must be measured and tested by that golden rule which is not less applicable to the editorial fraternity than to other classes of men, *age quod agis*.

We shall continue our remarks on this subject next month, in reference to other qualifications of the religious press, which will be followed by some statistical observations.

THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.—III.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE GARDENER OF THE MONASTERY.

GREGORY.—Felix, called Curvus, whom you yourself have known, who was lately superior of the same monastery, told me many admirable instances of the brothers; some of which, now in mind, I suppress, because I hasten to others. But one I will mention, which, as given by him, I think by no means to be passed over.

There was in the monastery a certain monk of great piety, the gardener. A thief had often come, and climbing the fence, carried off secretly his vegetables. When, then, he had planted much without fruit, and had discovered some trampled and others plundered, making a circuit of the whole garden, he found the way where the thief had been accustomed to enter. Again walking in the garden, he found also a serpent, which he commanded, saying, "Follow me." And coming to the pathway of the thief, he charged the serpent, saying, "In the name of Jesus I command thee that thou watch this passage, and suffer not the thief to enter here." Forthwith the serpent stretched his whole length across the way, and the monk returned to his cell. And when at noon time all the brothers took their rest, the thief came as usual, mounted the fence, and just as he was setting his foot in the garden all at once saw that the serpent stopped the way, and frightened, fell backward, while his foot being caught by the sandal upon the paling, he thus hung with his head downward till the gardener returned. At the usual hour, the gardener coming, found the thief hanging by the fence, and said to the serpent, "Thanks be to God, thou hast well obeyed my orders; depart now." And immediately it retreated. But coming to the thief, he says, "Ah! brother, God has delivered thee to me. Why hast thou so often dared to steal the labor of the monks?" And saying this, he released his foot from the stake on which he had hung, and let him down without injury. To whom he said, "Follow me." Whom following, he led to the entrance of the garden, and with much gentleness gave to him the fruits which he had thought to carry away by stealth; saying, "Go, and after this steal no more; but when thou art in want come hither to me, and what thou laborest with sin to obtain I readily will give to thee."

PETER.—Now, indeed, I find that I was vainly thinking there were none in Italy who wrought miracles.

CHAPTER IV.

OF EQUITIUS, ABBOT OF THE PROVINCE OF VALERIA.

GREGORY.—At the relation of Fortunatus, the venerable Abbot of the monastery called from the Baths of Cicero, and of other also venerable men, I learned what I here narrate. A holy man, Equitius by name, in the Valerian province, was, for his great merits, held in admiration by all, to whom, moreover, Fortunatus was well known. Equitius, for his great sanctity, was at the head of many monasteries in that province.

Him, when in the time of youth, the desires of the flesh much afflicted, his temptations made still more diligent and fervent in prayer. And while he sought in this matter, by continual prayers, a remedy from Almighty God, on a certain night, an angel assisting, he saw himself to be made an eunuch, and, as it appeared in his vision, every inordinate motion to be removed from his members; from which time he remained so free from temptation, as if there were nothing sexual in his body. Relying upon which virtue, with the help of Almighty God, as before he presided over men, so afterwards he began to govern women also; nor yet ceased to admonish his disciples, that they should not easily trust themselves in this thing by his example, nor rashly attempt a gift they had not received.

At the time when the sorcerers were detected in this city of Rome, Basilus, who was foremost in magic arts, fled in the habit of a monk to Valeria. Going to the most reverend Castorius, Bishop of the city of Amternina, he begged of him that he would send him to Equitius, the abbot, and recommend him to the protection of his monastery. The bishop then went to the monastery, taking with him Basilus, and asked the servant of God, Equitius, that he would receive the same monk into his congregation. Whom immediately the holy man beholding, says, "I see that this one whom you commend to me, father, is not a monk, but a devil." To whom he answered, "Thou seekest an excuse for refusing what I ask." To whom the man of God replied, "I denounce him for this which I see; but lest thou think I am unwilling to obey, I do as thou commandest." He was received, therefore, into the monastery. Not many days after, the servant of God went some distance from the monastery, for the purpose of exhorting the faithful to heavenly things. During his absence it happened, in a monastery of virgins, which was under the direction of the same father, that one of them, who, according to this putrid flesh, seemed beautiful, began to fall into fever and grievously to be afflicted; and now not so much with loud words, as with shrieks, to cry, "I am dying, unless the monk Basilus come, and by his skill in healing, restore me to health." But in the absence of so revered a superior, no one of the monks dared approach the congregation of nuns; how much less he who had come so lately, and whose life was unknown to the community. A message was immediately sent to Equitius, that the nun was in the height of fever, and earnestly asked for a visit from Basilus. Hearing which, the holy man smiled scornfully, and said, "Did I not say he was a devil, and not a monk? Go and drive him from the monastery. But for the handmaid of God, who is oppressed by fever, be not anxious, for from this hour she is no longer to be vexed with fevers, nor to ask for Basilus." The monk returned, and found that the virgin of God was in the same hour restored to health, that Equitius had afar off promised it; following in this the example of the Divine Master, who, when called to the son of the ruler, by his word alone restored him to health, that the father returning might find his son restored to life in the same hour that he had heard it from the lips of Truth. The monks, all obeying the command of their superior, ejected Basilus from their house; who afterwards said, that he had frequently, by his magic, suspended the cell of Equitius in air, and yet could never harm any one of his. Not long after, the zeal of Christian people being aroused, he was burned with fire, in this city of Rome.

Another day a religious of the same monastery of virgins entered the garden, when perceiving a salad, she conceived a great desire for it; and forgetting to bless it with the sign of the cross, devoured it greedily, but directly after fell down, possessed with a devil. Being thus vexed, notice was immediately given to the

Superior Equitius, that he should come quickly and succor her by his prayers. As soon as the Father entered the garden, the evil spirit who possessed her, began out of her mouth, as if excusing himself, to cry, "What have I done? What have I done? I sat upon the herb; she came and devoured me." Whom the man of God, with severe indignation, commanded to depart, and to have no place in the servant of Almighty God. And immediately he left her; nor was he able again to come near her.

A certain person, Felix by name, a nobleman of the province of Nursia, and Father of this Castorius who now resides here in the city, when he might remark that the reverend Equitius was not in orders, and yet that he went about in every place preaching assiduously, accosted him with the familiarity of a friend, saying, "How dost thou, who art not in holy orders, and hast not received a license from the Roman Pontiff, under whom thou livest, presume to preach?" By which questioning of his, the holy man thus compelled, shewed how he had received his license, saying, "This which you say, I myself also have considered. But on a certain night, a beautiful youth stood by me in a vision, laid upon my tongue a lancet, saying, behold, I have given my words in thy mouth; go forth to preach! And from that day, even when I would, I could not keep silence of God."

PETER.—I would like to know what were the good works of this Father, who is said to have received such gifts.

GREGORY.—The work, Peter, follows the gift, not the gift the work; otherwise grace were no longer grace. Before all works come the gifts, though from the work following, the gifts themselves may take increase. But lest you should be deprived of the knowledge of his manner of life, the most reverend Albinus, Bishop of the Church of Restina, knew him well, and many others also who are yet living. But why ask further of his works, when his purity of life well agreed with his zeal of preaching? Such fervor indeed had inspired him for gathering souls to God, that while he presided over monasteries, he yet visited churches, camps, villages and each house of the faithful, and inflamed the hearts of his hearers with the love of the heavenly home. For his raiment, it was of the meanest quality, and himself so abject, that should any by chance not know him, being saluted by him, they would disclaim even to return his salutation. When he went abroad, he was accustomed to ride the beast which was the most despicable to be found in the establishment; with which he used a halter for bridle, and sheepskins for his saddle. He carried with him the sacred volumes, in leathern bags at either side; and wheresoever he went, he would open the fountain of the scriptures and irrigate the mental pasture. His fame as a preacher at length reached the city of Rome; where, (as is the manner of flatterers caressing, in order to destroy the soul of their hearer) at the same time the clergy of this Apostolic See, to please the superior, complained to him, saying, "Who is this rustic, who assumes to himself authority to preach, and ignorantly presumes to usurp the office of our apostolic Lord? Please therefore let him be summoned hither, that he may understand the force of ecclesiastical discipline." As then it always will be, that flattery readily finds its way into a mind much occupied, if the heart be not immediately closed against it; the Pontiff consented, his clergy urging it, that he should be conducted to the city and taught to know his place. Sending then Julian, the advocate, who afterwards became bishop of the Sabine church, he directed nevertheless that he should bring him with great honor, and that the servant of God should not suffer any injury upon the occasion. Julian, eager to obey the wishes of the clergy, went in great haste to his monastery; and

there, Equitius being absent, finding the copyists busy at their writing, he enquired where the abbot was. They answered, "He is in the valley here below cutting hay." Now Julian had with him a page of an exceedingly proud and obstinate disposition, whom he himself could scarcely control. Him therefore he sent, that he should immediately conduct Equitius to himself. The boy went, and in an insolent manner, entering the meadow quickly, and beholding them all making the hay, he asked which was Equitius. As soon as he understood which was he, while he regarded him yet at a distance, being struck with sudden fear, he began to tremble, to grow faint, and scarcely to be able to direct his steps. Trembling he approached the man of God, then humbly embracing his knees kissed them, and announced that his master had come to visit him. To whom the servant of God, having returned his salutation, said, "Take of the fresh grass and carry it to your beasts; behold as there remains a little to be done, as soon as this work is finished, I will follow thee." In the mean time, Julian, the advocate, was wondering exceedingly, why it was that the boy he had sent, should tarry so long; when lo! he sees the page returning, and bearing hay, from the meadow, upon his shoulders. Greatly enraged he exclaimed, "What means this? I sent thee to get the man, not to bring hay." To whom the boy answered, "Behold, the one you seek is at hand." And now the man of God, shod with iron bound sandals, and bearing a scythe upon his shoulder, drew nigh. Whom, while yet at some distance, the boy pointed out to his master as the one he sought. Julian no sooner saw the servant of God, than he despised him for his dress; and was preparing in mind, how he should meet him with some impertinence. But when the servant of God had now come directly before him, an intolerable fear filled his mind, so that he trembled, and could scarcely find words to intimate the purpose for which he had come. In short, his spirit being quite broken, he fell at his knees, begged that he would pray for him, and said that his Father, the Roman Pontiff wished to see him. But the Blessed Equitius began to render sincere thanks to Almighty God, asserting that through the Supreme Pontiff divine grace had visited him. Then he called the brothers, directed that horses be quickly got ready, and urged strenuously on the advocate, that they ought to set out immediately. To whom Julian said, "This cannot be by any means, for wearied as I am by my journey, I do not feel able to start to-day." He then replied, "Thou grievest me, my son, for if we do not go to-day, we shall not do so to-morrow." The servant of God, therefore, constrained by the fatigue of Julian, remained in his monastery that night. When behold, the day following, by the first dawn of light, came a youth, his horse exhausted by the speed of his journey, with letters to Julian; in which it was commanded that he should not dare touch the servant of God, nor move him from the monastery. Who, when he asked why the order had been changed, learned, that in the same night in which he, the advocate, had been sent thither, the Pontiff had been greatly disturbed by a vision, to the effect,—wherefore had he presumed to summon the man of God, as if for display? Julian immediately rose up, and commending himself to the prayers of the holy man, said: "Our Father desires that you do not give yourself any further trouble in this matter." When the man of God heard this, he answered sorrowfully, "Said I not to thee, yesterday, if we do not proceed immediately, we will not afterwards be permitted to do so?" Then to prove his charity, he kept the advocate some time in the house, and gave him, though much against his will, some compensation for his labor. Learn now, Peter, with what care they are guarded by God, who have known how to despise themselves in this life. In

how honorable a company they are reckoned in secret, who are not ashamed to be disdained of men in public. While on the other hand, they lie low in the sight of God, who in their own and the eyes of their neighbors, are puffed up with vain desire of glory. Whence to such the Truth saith, "You are they who justify yourselves before men, but God knoweth your hearts; for that which is high to men, is an abomination before God." (Luke xvi, 15.)

PETER. — I wonder much that so great a Pontiff could be misled with regard to such a man.

GREGORY. — Why wonder, Peter, that we who are men do err? Have you forgotten that David, who often had the spirit of prophecy, gave sentence against the innocent son of Jonathan, when he heard the story of a lying boy? Which, nevertheless, since it was done by David, we believe to be just, in the secret decrees of God; and yet, how it may have been so, humanly speaking, we do not see. What wonder therefore, if we who are not prophets, are sometimes led astray by the lips of liars. It is much to the purpose also, that the mind of every superior is harassed by a crowd of cares. And when the mind is divided about many things, it is less able to consider each in particular: and so is misled in any single point according as it is the more widely occupied about a great number.

PETER. — Truly it is as thou sayest.

GREGORY. — I ought not to pass over what my friend, the most reverend Valentinus, told me of this abbot. He was saying, that while his body lay buried in the oratory of blessed Lawrence, the martyr, a certain rustic set his basket of grain upon the sepulchre; nor took care to reflect as well as to fear what and how great a man reposed there. Then suddenly a whirlwind, coming from the heavens, while everything else remained unmoved, tore away the basket, and hurled it afar off; that all might plainly know the merit of him whose body lay there. Again, what follows I learned from the venerable Fortunatus, before mentioned, whom I much loved for his years, his good works, and for his simplicity. The Longobards entering the same province of Valeria, the monks fled from the monastery of the most reverend Equitius, to his sepulchre in the aforesaid oratory. The cruel Longobards rushing in after them, began to drag out the monks, either to put them to torture, or to the sword. One of whom groaned, and urged by sharp pain, cried out, "Alas! holy Equitius, doth it please thee that we be thus dragged away, and thou dost not defend us?" At this cry, immediately an unclean spirit entered the ferocious Longobards, who falling down, were so long vexed, as that all the others who were on the outside might learn to presume to violate no further the sacred place. Thus the holy man defended then his disciples, and relieved many others afterwards who took refuge there.

TO BE CONTINUED.

KATE O'CONNOR.

A STORY OF MIXED MARRIAGES.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Bit of Human Nature.

WE hope that such of our readers as have been interested in the history of Kate O'Connor, are charitable enough to feel some concern for the infant whom she left behind. If we have seemed to forget the little one, our forgetfulness has been only seeming, and we have detained them so long with the relations of Victorine Elford and Haraden White, not so much for their sakes, as because their after history is inseparably connected with that of this little girl, whom we have seen deprived from her first unconscious days of what children most greatly need, a mother's love and solicitude. Many children so bereaved, perhaps the great majority, bear the brand of indifference and neglect, not in the body indeed, but in the soul and mind, the nobler part, to the end of their days; but the lot reserved for Kate O'Connor's child was a happier one.

Nature and heaven had designed Margaret Curran for a mother. If she had not been married, she would have been obliged to put on Mother Seton's little black bonnet,† that she might have a troop of children always at hand to love and watch over, and dress and care for. Nothing in the world seemed to her to have so strong a claim upon the pity and tenderness of all kind hearts as a motherless infant. She was devoted to her own children, but not one of them ever so powerfully moved her sympathies as her little adopted cousin, whose mother lay under the green sod. Nothing was too good for this little Kate; no care, no watching, no nursing was ever more ungrudgingly bestowed than those which the necessities of this orphan child demanded. And Margaret's tender love, her anxious days and wakeful nights, were most bountifully rewarded. The child grew strong and active and beautiful; it was the pet of the household and the darling of the children, whom it learned to distinguish by their names, and when it was asked, where's mamma? it would point its fat finger at Margaret, and crow and caper. A blessing seemed to rest upon the house for its sake, and Margaret was often heard to say, that during all the time her cousin Kate's child was with her she was never deprived a single night, by sickness among her own children, of her wonted rest.

We must not stop to describe the joy which pervaded the family when Mary Catharine cut her first tooth, when she learned to sit alone, when she first began to tottle about by the assistance of chairs and tables, and to chatter and scold in her unknown tongue. These are the details of ordinary baby-history, which we are not qualified to write; and besides, we have other intentions. In the course of the winter it was thought advisable to wean the nursling, and accordingly, Mrs. Dolan, the foster mother, having returned to her own young family, the child was transferred to the care of a rosy, cheerful, sweet-tempered girl, who

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† Still retained in New York by the Sisters of Charity.

answered to the euphonious name of Kitty McCarthy, a very good girl in every respect, but who had such an inveterate habit of laughing as rendered her wholly unfit for any thing but taking care of babies, and who promptly began doing her best to spoil her charge. Various and sundry times, and contrary to all rule, it was kidnapped into the kitchen, and there taught the cunning tricks and droll pranks which make these wee things the joy and delight of all households. Very proud was Kitty McCarthy to be stopped in the street to have "her baby" admired, and to be asked by some fair promenader, "Whose beautiful child that was." She was vexed one day when Father Haly called, because it was asleep and could not be exhibited, and after that nothing would satisfy her until she received permission one beautiful morning to dress it in its best and take it herself to make the good father a visit; she came home, her eyes dancing with delight, to tell Margaret how good it had been, how Father Haly had said it was a beautiful baby, and that since she found it so apt a pupil she might teach it next to make the sign of the cross.

For a time Mrs. Curran received regularly letters from Haraden White, to which, as in duty bound, she responded, keeping him duly informed respecting his child, and the various eras of its infant life; but his letters began to grow short, dull and few; then there was a long interval, or one which seemed long to Margaret, in which she heard nothing; she wondered what had become of him; her father and husband being in an entirely different line of business from Mr. White, could give her no satisfaction. Just before Christmas, she received a package from Boston, left at her father's store by some Eastern correspondent who dropped in, and which contained a new set of corals for Mary Catharine, a magnificent bracelet for Margaret, and a gift for each of her children, and lastly, a very short and hurried note from Haraden, wishing them all a happy Christmas and new year. Was it the remembrance of her who had enjoyed with them the festivities of the last Christmas holidays which made his note so brief? Was he thinking of her upon whom he then bestowed the costliest gifts, and who was now beyond the reach of his lavish pride?

With a pang, Mrs. Curran put the jewelry by in a drawer, said a Pater and Ave for Kate, and then went into the nursery to console herself, as she had often done before, with the little Kate, who began to laugh and scream as Margaret entered, and put up her dear little lips for a kiss. Forthwith Margaret sat down and wrote a long and sisterly letter to Haraden, reminding him, but not too much at length, of last Christmas, of ties which had been broken, and enlarging eloquently upon the new tie which bound him to them all in the shape of the dear, lovely, beautiful child upon whom she so fondly doated. Haraden received this warm-hearted letter, felt that he was a father, and responded promptly, thanking Margaret for the love which she so ungrudgingly bestowed upon his child, and then ensued another long silence.

It was the same thing over again. Margaret very foolishly began to fret again, and wonder what had become of Haraden; and one day, having an errand in Pearl street, she dropped in at Mr. Simondson's store—the well known store—and inquired if he had heard recently from Mr. White. Oh, yes; Mr. Simondson "knew all about him. He was in Boston, and still at the house in Park street, from which his letters were frequently dated; there was nothing new;" and Margaret went home, saying to herself, what she might just as well have said before, that "men were fickle," and that Haraden probably had by this time something else to think of besides the old circle of friends in New York.

Not more than a week after this, one morning just after breakfast, Mr. Simondson called at Mr. O'Connor's, and asked to see Mrs. Curran. He only came on business. He had the previous evening received a letter from Mr. White, giving some orders respecting his house in Broadway. Margaret found, by a hasty perusal of the letter, that she was requested to go over the house with the keys, and to remove such articles which had belonged to Kate and her Uncle John as she particularly desired to keep, and whatever she thought ought to be reserved for the little girl, and also to send for a couple of pictures which she had always greatly admired, and which Haraden begged she would accept as a gift from him. The remainder of the pictures, the plate and certain articles of furniture specified by Mr. White, were to be packed up by Mr. Simondson and removed to his store, awaiting further orders, and all the rest of the furniture was to be sold. "Was the house to be sold?" Mr. Simondson did not know; the letter contained no orders respecting the house, except that one or two slight repairs should be attended to as soon as possible.

Margaret fulfilled these commissions not without suffering and a strong misgiving that something uncomfortable was hanging over her in particular; and the week following another letter came, ordering that the house should be sold. Margaret wanted her father to buy the house and move into it, but Mr. O'Connor did not wish to leave his old home; his daughter was too tender of his feelings to urge him against his will; James Curran could not afford to buy the house, and so it passed into the hands of strangers. Other things remained as they were, except that Haraden had quite given up writing to Margaret, and seemed to prefer corresponding with Mr. Simondson. The spring advanced, the summer approached, the little girl walked and talked after her infant fashion; Mrs. Curran often looked at her tenderly, considering uneasily how long she should be allowed to keep her, and whether she would grow up to be a Catholic or not. Sundry rumors began to be afloat respecting Mr. White, and came to Margaret's ears: first, it was said that he was about to sail for Europe; that was contradicted, and it was reported that he was married; that again was contradicted, but it was now positively asserted that he was very attentive to a certain rich and beautiful widow. "Coming events cast their shadows before," said Margaret, and accordingly on the third day of August, Mr. O'Connor, seating himself at the tea-table, produced from his pocket a newspaper, put on his spectacles, unfolded the paper, looked over it for a moment, doubled it up again, and laying his forefinger significantly on one of the columns, said, "William, pass that along to Margaret." Margaret took the paper, passing down her father's tea in exchange, and read, — "On the 28th ult., in St. Paul's church, by the rector, Haraden White, Esq., late of New York, to Mrs. Victorine Elford, daughter of Victor Prentiss, Esq., of Buffalo." Margaret remarked that the three gentlemen were curiously watching her face, and throwing the Boston paper on the carpet at her side, "Well," said she, with a rather excited, grieved expression, something between laughing and crying, "I don't know as there is any thing to be said about that," and she went on making the tea.

The children stared and wondered what their grand-pa had done to make their mother looked so vexed, and Johnny, having hastily swallowed his bread and milk, ran round to the other side of the table for the newspaper; he turned it over and over, inside out and back again, and unable to discover any thing, more puzzled than before, went back to the table for his cake, still gazing at his mother and then looking suspiciously at his grand-pa. The young members all felt that something was wrong, that there was a screw loose somewhere, as Uncle Mike would

have said : Margaret was evidently ruffled, her temper was not quite proof against this little matter of fact. Afterwards, as she caressed the little Kate, the tears stood in her eyes, sometimes she looked sorrowfully at the child, sometimes she asked herself petulantly how much longer Haraden would let Katy remain with them, and once she wondered aloud whether Mrs. Elford was fond of children, adding, rather testily, that "she did not look as if she were fond of any thing."

CHAPTER XIX.

A World of Change.

MRS. ELFORD was not fond of children, though she was very fond, of course, of her own son. If she had been asked eighteen months ago whether she would like to be a step-mother, she would have replied very emphatically that she did not wish to have any thing to do with other people's children ; and when she first thought of marrying her old lover, she did not fail to recollect that he was now a widower, and that he had a child in New York whom she had never seen, and it is quite certain that this recollection did not act upon her as an inducement to exchange her perfectly independent and dignified position for that of a wife and step-mother. Nevertheless, having once made up her mind to favor Haraden's suit, like a wise woman she disposed herself to make the best of this trifling incumbrance. She reflected that the child was a girl, that it was so very young that it could hardly yet have any fixed habits of temper ; if it had been petted and indulged, it could not yet be spoiled, and a little wholesome restraint and patient watching would soon correct that difficulty ; and, "after all," she said, in the plenitude of her Protestant security, "it would be a real charity to remove the poor little creature from the influences which are always about it among its mother's relations, who will be sure, if it should live, to bring it up in the Roman Catholic religion." She had always heard that step-mothers are dreadful creatures, and whether she believed it or not, it is certain that for her own part she did not wish to be the bug-bear of an infant imagination, the *bête noire* of any poor child's history. She resolved, if it was a possible thing, to love this child, and to judge from Margaret's letters, some of which she had seen, it should not be a difficult matter, for besides that children are naturally lovable, Mrs. Curran represented her cousin's child as more lovely and attractive than any of her own, and exactly like its mother. Mrs. Elford was accustomed to take descriptions of this sort with a grain of salt, and, moreover, for whatever reason, she had not been herself particularly pleased with Kate O'Connor. That did not signify : it was her duty to try to love Haraden's child, and she was only afraid of taking in this instance one of those unreasonable dislikes which she was so apt to take against the most innocent individuals, and which she knew well, if they once got possession of her, would ever after prevent her treating the subject of them with that cordial, genial, loving kindness that alone could satisfy the cravings of an orphan child. Reason and common sense, combined with a general vague intention of doing what she thought was right, generally sufficed to keep this sensible and well educated woman in the way of what she considered her duty, and did their best to supply to her the place of that unselfish, all-embracing charity which, in the Catholic Church, would have softened and beautified her character.

The marriage of Haraden White and Mrs. Elford, on the 28th of July, was followed by the inevitable wedding trip, after returning from which the newly married couple went to house-keeping in one of those fine mansions on Beacon street, which, fronting upon the Common, command in summer a reviving view of green grass and waving elms, and, at all seasons of the year, the wide stretch of western sky which bounds the lower end of the Common, and pours the full flood of sunset glory over the green slopes and gravelled walks of this most cheerful promenade, and upon all the dwellings that overlook it. The good Boston people, by the way, have shown their sense and taste in not having ere now, after the vulgar American fashion, metamorphosed their beautiful Common into a Union Parade Ground, or Washington Park, or some other kind of a "Park," at least. One really wonders that it has not before this been called Lafayette Park or Quincy Park. But, no! a blessing on all dear and sacred recollections, it has never yet been profaned by any of these new-fangled epithets. It is nothing but the Common, the dear old Boston Common of glorious memory. We recollect an attempt that was made about the time we left school to call the little sheet of water that ornaments the Common, *Crescent Lake*, and now, after the lapse of some years, we are afraid to ask any questions about it, lest we should learn that bad taste has carried the day; but for our own part, whatever others may say, if we should live to be a thousand years old, we mean to call it the Frog Pond to the end of our days.

Haraden White remained at home three or four weeks, long enough to habituate himself to his newly-recovered position of husband and householder, and then he went to New York, taking Harriet with him, for the purpose of bringing home his little girl. He went to Mr. O'Connor's, made his errand known, saw the child, and proposed leaving Harriet with Mrs. Curran for a few days to accustom her to her future charge, while he went on to Philadelphia to arrange some necessary business. Margaret afterwards at the tea-table, making a report of current events, assured her father that she was as glad to see him as she could possibly be, as glad as any reasonable person could expect her to be, but we who were eaves-dropping on the occasion can testify that she was at first very stiff and reserved, and after the child was brought in, grew cross and peevish, and was in some danger of making a scene. The little girl stared at her, and seemed somewhat apprehensive of the tall gentleman to whom she was required to go. She went to him, however, and obediently sate upon his knee, and after that, while he stayed, never once turned away her face or took her large blue eyes off his. Those eyes, which he knew so well, looking silently up from his lap! Haraden found that his own were growing dim and moist, and that he had a lump in his throat like the beginning of a quinsy, and hating nothing on earth so much as a scene, he kissed the child and put her away, told Margaret that he was in a great hurry and must go, promised to come again the next day, and took leave.

Margaret knew as well as he did that Haraden White never was in a hurry in his life, and she was no way surprised that he did not redeem his promise of coming again the next day; but as he drove to the Jersey City Ferry to take the Philadelphia boat, he dropped Harriet at Mr. O'Connor's door, charging her with a letter for Margaret, in which he said all those things which in his horror of an excitement he had left unsaid the previous day, and promised faithfully to pass an evening with them on his return from Philadelphia.

As far as Harriet was concerned, Haraden had not reckoned without his host: the handsome, cheerful-tempered black woman had not taken charge for seven

years of Henry Elford without learning the way into a child's heart, and this heart was not difficult to win, nor was Harriet averse to bestowing hers upon the innocent creature who was to be hereafter her daily care. In a few hours they became good friends, to the manifest grief of Kitty McCarthy, who would have been easily persuaded to leave New York and Father Haly, whom she pronounced the best priest in the world, for the sake of going to Boston with her darling baby: but Mrs. Elford, or Mrs. White, as we must in future call her, had expressly stipulated that the child's Irish nurse should not be allowed to accompany her. "All her servants were Americans," she said, "and Protestants, and she did not wish to have a Catholic in the house."

Margaret was inconsolable. It was to no purpose that Uncle Mike said to her, "The child is his, Maggie, and if he wants to have it, you must try to submit with a good grace." It seemed to her that a ruthless robber had cruelly despoiled her nest of its fairest fledgling.

"And is this all that poor Kate lived for," cried she, despondingly, "that this poor child might be brought up to hate and despise its mother's religion; and how trustingly she left the poor little creature, feeling that God would take care of it; and how she prayed for it and for Haraden!"

"And you have no faith and no trust in letting it go out of your sight," returned her father. "How do you know, child, that God will not take care of it? And how do you know that this is all? Can you see the end from the beginning? And if this is *all*, as you say, and if the child grows up and dies a Protestant, you have no right to complain, for Kate was warned, and she would marry a Protestant; and you are very ungrateful to complain, instead of being thankful as you ought, that in all probability Kate's soul was saved, though she voluntarily periled it by her own self-will. And as for her prayers being lost either for the child or for Haraden, you must remember that prayers are never lost. God always answers them in some way, and no doubt it is for the best even now, though you may not think so, that the child should be taken away from you."

The little Currans were angry and thought it very wicked in cousin Haraden to carry off "our baby."

"But my darlings," said Margaret, with some petulance, "it is *not* our baby, it is cousin Haraden's baby."

"It always *was* our baby," persisted Bridget, with wet eyes, and great pouting lips, and she never could be made to understand the matter in any other way.

CHAPTER XX.

Childish memory.

It was late on a Thursday afternoon. The sun had set, but the western light still continued to pour red and slant into the large lofty basement, brightening up the carpet, the curtains, and the cosy tea-table laid for three, with its service of silver and spotless damask. Mrs. Haraden White sate in one of the windows with her knitting, which, however, did not engross her attention, for between talking to Henry, who was playing at marbles in one corner of the room, and watching the vehicles which from time to time passed up and down Beacon street, her work seemed only there to save her from the uncomfortable feeling of doing nothing.

"O yes, and mother," cried the boy, creeping out from under the sideboard whither he had gone on all-fours in quest of a stray marble, "did I not go there with you one forenoon in the carriage?"

Henry Elford had been making sundry and curious inquiries respecting the little girl whom Mr. White was about to bring home, in replying to which his mother had easily recalled Kate O'Connor to his recollection, and this his last question being answered in the affirmative, he stood silent for a moment at her knee, tossing his marble from hand to hand. "I remember," said he at last thoughtfully, his eyes unconsciously fixed: "I remember; there was a gentleman there whom I liked; — a gentleman in black."

"Liked!" said his mother, turning abruptly upon him with her cold look: "you did not hear him speak."

"No, but I *liked* him;" persisted the boy, looking earnestly up in her face with his most loving smile. "He laid his hand on my head."

Victorine began knitting rapidly and was silent. This was the precise circumstance which she thought it unreasonable and gratuitous in her son to recollect, and it was the precise circumstance which he did recollect; for children are a race apart, and it is of no use trying to make a boy of seven or eight years who has never lost his baptismal innocence, square his notions after those of grown up people, who have suffered from fifteen or twenty years' daily and intimate contact with the world. This incident, in itself so trifling, had left its record on that young memory, and had been to him ever since, he knew not how or why, a source of gentle thoughts and an instrument of self-control. It always happened that however wild a frolic he might be in, or however obstinate and self-willed he might chance to feel, as often as he remembered that hand upon his head, a tenderness stole over him, whence he knew not, and how he knew not, nor could he even have described what he felt; but it made him somehow gentler and happier, and so, child-like, he indulged himself in thinking of it; and on this occasion also, leaving presently his mother's side, and stepping from rose to rose of the richly-flowered carpet, he quietly mused, not so much thinking as feeling, for the subject of his musings was only this: — "he laid his hand upon my head." At length the softness in his heart becoming burdensome to himself, and having need of some expression, the boy not caring to tell his thoughts as indeed he had none to tell, ran back again to his mother and lifted his dear loving eyes to her face. She meanwhile had said to herself that the less was said about this matter, the sooner it would be mended; that is to say, the sooner the child's memory would let slip the impertinent recollection; and that, moreover, it was impossible for him to know or even imagine that the gentleman to whom he had taken such an unreasonable fancy was a Catholic priest, and little suspecting the persistency of his thoughts, she returned his look of affection and kissed his forehead, wondering as she did so whether it was only her partiality which made Henry seem to her so different from other children — he was so docile and yet so manly.

"I love you, dear mother, I love you dearly," said he, stealing from her work one of her hands which he kissed again and again, and thus somewhat eased of his pleasant load of tender thoughts, he again went away to his marbles in the corner. And who can tell that in after years the memory of that hand upon his head may not have been to Henry Elford as the hand of a guardian angel, holding him back from sin and checking him in temptation till he should have time to reflect and resolve?

The red light had faded—the grey dusk had gathered over the sky and was gradually invading the cheerful basement room. Henry could no longer see where his marbles went, so having collected them together, and poured them into their little bag, he mounted upon a chair, and had just hung the bag upon the knob of a window shutter, when the tramp of horses and the sound of wheels in front of the windows announced Mr. White's arrival.

Victorine ran out into the hall followed by Henry: the house was of that pleasantest fashion which in this country we call the London basement. For a moment there was a confused din of feet and of voices, mingled with the setting down of heavy trunks, and Henry's shouts of delight at greeting again after so long an absence his darling mommy.

"Bring her in, Harriet," in Victorine's quiet voice was almost the first distinguishable sound, and out of the dusk and the noise emerged the stately black woman, her arms enfolding her wakeful silent charge.

"Light the astral lamp, John," said Mrs. White again, as the party gathered into the room. She placed herself in the chair which she had been previously occupying. Haraden stood by. "Now we'll see," said he, looking at his wife with his peculiar smile. The little wanderer was placed on her feet, to be unfolded and unwrapped, Mrs. White looking on expectant. At the sight of that innocent face, the flaxen hair falling off the broad forehead, the large wide-open blue eyes, resting with a sober observant expression now upon one, now upon another, Victorine's coldness vanished, her sympathies were roused, and she took the motherless child to her arms and to her heart.

It soon appeared that the little girl answered to no name but Kate, a name which for whatever reason Mrs. White particularly disliked, so she gave orders that no one should call her any thing but Mary; Haraden did not object to the change, and in a few weeks the old name was forgotten, and she became Mary White. She never was taught to call Mrs. White mother, but after a singular custom which prevails in some families, while she called Haraden papa, she always addressed Victorine as aunty. The first time that the child was undressed for the night, there were found attached by a ribbon round her neck, a tiny silver crucifix and a little medal of which Mrs. White could make nothing; but as she considered the image of our Divine Lord upon the cross a dangerous thing for a child to have, she carefully took off both these articles, and locked them safely away in a private drawer of her own. Mrs. White had an idea that children who were likely to live and grow up ought to be baptized, this was a part of her belief indeed, as an old-fashioned Episcopalian, and having understood from Mrs. Curran that Mary Catharine had been baptized by a Catholic priest, (the same priest in all likelihood who had blessed the crucifix and medal, which with such admirable consistency had just now been removed from her neck), gave herself no further uneasiness on that score.

So Mary White lived and was brought up in this Protestant family like any other Protestant child. When she was able to put sentences together, she was taught to say the Lord's Prayer, that almost solitary remnant of Catholic devotion which is left for the yet unoffending infant outside the fold; as soon as she knew how to sit still and behave herself, she was taken to the Episcopal church in Tremont street, where her father had a pew. She learned to read, and was forthwith supplied with a bible, a prayer book and sundry of those little volumes, which compose in a great measure, for the first seven or eight years, the spiritual and intellectual sustenance of Protestant children: the *Hymns for Infant Minds*.

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Dr. Watts' *Divine and Moral Songs*, *Henry and his Bearer*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the like, books which many of our young Catholic readers never heard of in their lives, and which constituted the food and drink of our own unsuspecting childhood.

Of this childhood and youth there is little to relate. Outside the Catholic Church the idea of the supernatural is nearly lost; and just in proportion as this idea is lost, not only is the poetry of mature life gone, but the gay dreams and innocent longings, and humble, child-like aspirations after the mysterious and holy future which make infancy and early youth like the dewy, fragrant, sunshiny morning, are gone too. But we must hope that the blessed light of the dawning never quite faded from the soul of Mary White. No doubt the Queen of virgins and Mother of mercy never forgot the stray lamb who in baptism had been placed under her protection. No doubt she procured many graces by her intercessions for the innocent wanderer, and the greater grace of not abusing them entirely. No doubt the angel who received her from the arms of her dying mother watched over her infant steps with peculiar care, and guarded for her the avenues of sin with untiring tenderness and patience. Who can count the drops of grace which only through the dark fall noiseless and unseen like dew upon the infant heart? Who can count the gentle whispers, audible and sweet and only half-understood, which penetrate and subdue the listening but else unassisted spirit from the silent throngs who hover invisible about us? This only we know, that to the baptized child wherever he may be, the grace of baptism is given; that if he is brought up in error the Eternal Pity ever follows him; that from books and sermons and instructions, which are meant to teach him falsehood and heresy, God teaches him the truth, and from the wide universe of nature and providence, a hundred voices are ceaselessly calling him, a hundred gentle and unseen influences are ever drawing him towards the one safe path, and though he may stumble and wander for few years or for many in the uncertain darkness of the out-lying wilderness, this sufficient grace and this persevering Pity can only be sinned away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEW FRENCH DYNASTY.

THE CONCORDAT AND THE CORONATION.

WE now approach a part of our subject in which it is especially necessary to take a broad and simple view, but at the same time one that is exact and profound (as the French say); that is, one which corresponds accurately to the facts, while it goes to the very bottom of the question. We have to consider two events so closely connected with each other, and one leading to the other so naturally, as to bear almost the relation of cause and effect—the *Concordat* and the *Coronation*.

When, in the future centuries, the details of history shall be lost sight of, and the great important features shall alone loom up distinctly, it will be said that *Napoleon Bonaparte*, the founder of the fourth line of French princes, restored the Catholic religion in France after it had been overthrown by the Revolution, and was crowned by the Pope Emperor of the French.

What is meant by the restoration of religion in a country? It is apostles who plant religion:—is it the work of a soldier and a conqueror to restore it? Now

let us remember that it was Clovis, a king, a warrior, who first made France a Christian kingdom; it was Charlemagne, an emperor and a warrior, who made the West a Catholic empire—a Christendom; and it was the warrior princes of the third race who ended by making not only France but the entire West a Christendom—a dominion in which the State was a law to itself and imposed that law upon the Church. It might, then, naturally be the work of a soldier-ruler, finding France without law, to subject it again to the law of Christ.

For what is the State? It is the community armed for the maintenance of justice.* In this capacity the State is the *minister of God* (Rom. xiii, 4). Its power comes from the people; its right, like its office, comes from God. That office is to maintain justice by force in human society. But what is justice? Who shall define what is just and unjust? Who shall define the rights of man in society? There must be a rule or form of justice, external to the State, in conformity with which it works in reducing its citizens to a just order. If that rule be the natural law, the justice which the State enforces will be of one kind. If the rule be the revealed law, the justice will be of another kind. It is a matter of the highest importance in a State what rule of justice that State recognizes—whether it be the natural law only, as in Pagan States; or the revealed law, either in an imperfect, and mutilated or corrupted form, as among Jews, Mohammedans, and Heretics, or perfect, entire and pure, as among Catholic Christians.

For example, under the rule of justice acknowledged by Pagans, among whom the natural law itself was perverted, an individual had not a right to his own life against the State or even against his own Father. The State or the parents might drown feeble children or an excess of them, like puppies. Under the rule of justice acknowledged by Mohammedan States, and by Mormons now, a woman has not an exclusive right to her husband. Under the rule of justice acknowledged by Protestants, marriage is dissoluble by the power of the State. Under the rule of justice acknowledged by Catholics, marriage is indissoluble. Under the Pagan rule of justice the State claims the right to educate its citizens according to its own ideas of utility, and for its own ends; under the Catholic rule of justice, which is always favorable to individual liberty, this despotic right is curtailed. The Church, in Catholic States, claims the privilege of directing the education of her own children, so far as she deems it necessary, in order to provide effectually for their eternal welfare, and beyond that declares that individuals should be free. In accepting the Catholic rule of justice, the State submits to a check, and the citizen gains liberty—the sphere of the State is narrowed and that of the individual is enlarged.

We see, then, in what sense the prince may establish or restore religion. He does not establish or restore it so far as it is personal,—that is the work of the apostolate; but as the rule of civil justice. He authorizes its worship; he provides for its support; he secures the tranquil possession of its temples; in fine, he submits legislation to the control of its dogma as the rule of justice, and, consequently, as the source of rights.

The Revolution bore in its bosom a severe lesson not only for the monarchy, but also for the Church of France. If the Bourbons had defied, insulted and outraged the successor of the Fisherman, and had arrogated to themselves a

* Schlegel in his *Philosophy of History* defines the State as an *armed corporation for the maintenance of justice*; which appears to us inexact because it does not include the element of *right* in the general consent.

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supremacy over the Church, the Church of France also, the bishops of France, had, with those of other, adjacent countries, and especially with the ecclesiastical princes of Germany, leagued with the secular power against the Papacy, and arrogated to itself an independence, illusory indeed, and better deserving (as Fénélon observed) the name of servitude, but the inevitable result of which was to paralyze that powerful action of the Catholic Church, which had for so many centuries preserved the rights of humanity under the New Law, and caused the Christian rule of justice to prevail in Europe.

The French Republic had constituted itself professedly under the natural law, with its own shifting and anarchical version thereof, but in rejecting every other, and in trampling under foot all the rights which the revealed law interpreted by the Catholic Church had called into being, it had punished, terribly punished, that weakness, not rebellion, of the French hierarchy, by which it had betrayed the very citadel of the New Law, the See of Peter, into the hands of a royalty still professing to be Catholic.* Royalty had been punished for claiming and accepting this surrender; the Gallican Church had been punished for making or submitting to it; both had been swept by a torrent from the soil of France. The throne was now about to be erected again on that soil, but in favor of a soldier of fortune; and the hierarchy was to be restored, but only at the cost of an exercise of complete sovereignty on the part of the Pope over the French Church. It was about to be made manifest by one of the most extraordinary transactions which ecclesiastical history records, that the See of Peter is the real source of all ecclesiastical jurisdiction and power. The feeble, almost ceremonial and nominal, action attributed to the Pope by the Gallicans of the age of Louis XIV was to be refuted forever by an act, necessary, providential, immensely beneficent, but which exhibited the Papal supremacy in possession of that unshackled spiritual omnipotence which belongs to the Successor of Peter and Vicar of Christ—which flows naturally from the words “*WHATSOEVER thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and WHATSOEVER thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.*”

The earliest contact between Napoleon and the Church was during the Italian campaigns, when he certainly inflicted great evils upon the Holy See in its temporal sovereignty, by robbing it of the legations and of large sums of money and precious works of art: at the same time he no less certainly stood between the Pope and the Directory, which wished the entire destruction of the Pontiff's temporal principality, the annihilation of the religious orders, and other fatal measures which General Bonaparte firmly resisted. It was at this time that the conqueror of Lodi first entered into relations with Pius VII, then Bishop of Imola, who exerted his beneficent and wise influence in inducing the peasantry of the Legations and of the marches of Ancona to lay aside the thoughts of a useless resistance to the French, by proclaiming to them the duty of respecting *the power as from God*,† let who would possess it. Without doubt it was a particular Providence that raised to the Pontifical chair at this moment a man who so well understood the rights of *Cæsar*,—of the civil power, invested, as the issue of a sanguinary Revolution, with the omnipotence of the sword. Bonaparte himself, in opening the negotiation with the Pope for the re-establishment of religion,

* It has been justly observed that even Bossuet, who is associated so intimately with the Gallican declaration, wrote one of the most beautiful tributes to the Papacy, and that his work on the power of sovereigns is in truth a lesson on their duties.

† *Histoire du Pape Pie VII, par M. le Chevalier Artaud, tom. I, c. iii, p. 68.*

estimated the spiritual power of the latter in a military currency, by saying to Cacaault, the minister plenipotentiary whom he sent to Rome, "Treat the Pope as if he had an army of 200,000 men." This was in the month of March, 1801; Cacaault arrived in Rome early in April, when he entered immediately into relations with Cardinal Consalvi, who sustained the negotiations on the part of the Holy See. At first all went on smoothly and rapidly, but difficulties soon arose on every side.

We make little of the obstacles which were raised by Catholic powers, who, because they themselves wished to oppress and rob the Holy See, did not behold with pleasure the restoration of France to the Church; nor were the difficulties which were raised by the scrupulosity of the Roman conscience, or by the solicitude of Roman interests, likely to be serious impediments to a favorable conclusion, because that conscience, exact and enlightened, would always know where it must stop in concession; beyond that point all the power of France could never induce Rome to yield, and within it there was no formality so prized, and no mere worldly interest so important, that Rome would not have sacrificed it, to restore the greatest nation of Europe to the fold of Christ. The great difficulty to be feared was that the First Consul, surrounded by men hostile to religion, and partaking in some degree of their fatal prejudices against the Church, even at the moment when he was about to restore France to her arms, would insist upon some condition on which Rome would be compelled to be inflexible. "The men who surrounded the First Consul," says M. Thiers, again an unexceptionable witness, "were almost without exception, disinclined from establishing the old religion.* * He was thus constrained to run counter to his colleagues, his supporters, and his friends. These men, taken from the ranks of the moderate revolutionary party, had not, like Robespierre and Saint Just, shed human blood, and there was no difficulty in their disavowing any participation in the violent excesses of the Revolution, but they had been involved in the errors of the Constituent Assembly, and had exhibited an indecent levity in repeating the witticisms of Voltaire, and it was not easy to make them acknowledge that they had misconceived the most exalted truths of social order."* The philosophers, such as Laplace, Lagrange and Monge; politicians like Talleyrand; the republican generals, the companions in arms and supporters of Bonaparte; his brothers; the consuls; in short, nearly all the ruling body by whose instrumentality even so great a genius and so triumphant a conqueror was obliged, particularly at that time, to operate; were opposed to his design. Some urged him not to meddle in religious matters, to grant a simple toleration to Catholicity, and for the rest let the priests take care of themselves; others wished him to form a new French religion independent of the Pope, on the plan of the Anglican; others advised him to establish Protestantism. Amid all these varying counsels, and this formidable opposition, we ought rather to rejoice that Napoleon stood firm to the project of re-establishing the Catholic religion, than blame him too severely because in doing so he placed some conditions which were, it is true, ungenerous, but to which, after all, the Holy See consented.

Among the various plans of the time, that of Protestantizing France is said to have been urged by an agent of England as a condition of peace, and it is added by Napoleon himself that he rejected it on the simple ground that he was a Catholic and that the French people were also Catholics. Moreover this comprehensive

*Thiers' Consulate and Empire, vol. iii, b. 12.

genius, which already meditated the establishment of a new empire of the West, saw clearly that to Protestantize France (if it had been possible) was to isolate her. On the other hand, to a speculator of the Saint Simonian class, who pressed him to found a *new* religion, he replied, with startling humor and subtlety—"Do you wish that I should cause myself to be *crucified*? Ah, very well, for the true religion it requires that, and after that I will not have any thing to do with such an enterprise." The counsel which recommends itself most to American ideas, was that of simply tolerating all Churches, and establishing none: but this scheme also, however wise or necessary in America, was, under the circumstances of France, abhorrent to the political wisdom of Napoleon, for leaving out a small minority of Protestants and a more considerable one of mere infidels, the bulk of the people were Catholics, and the schisms, such as that of the constitutional clergy, had only a political basis, and merely tended to prolong the agitations which the First Consul wished to calm. Finally, although he himself saw the drift of his measures but dimly, it belonged to his glorious providential mission, and to the profound discernment which he derived partly from genius and partly from faith, to terminate these divisions in a mode that enthroned, as it were, the very principle of future unity, peace, progress, civilization, morals, and even political preponderance for France. If we consider it rightly, it was the Concordat which carried the republican tricolor to Rome and struck down the infamous triumvirs in 1849; it is the Concordat that now plants the eagles of France at the gates of the Balkan and repels the Greek schism and Muscovite ascendancy from seizing on "New Rome." The Concordat only wanted to be more generous, more complete in its provisions, in a word, to be entirely satisfactory to Rome, to have saved France entirely; but the wisdom to see that, could only come with time and bitter experience.

The principal points of the Concordat were as follows. The Catholic Apostolic Roman religion was recognized, *not as the religion of the State*, but as that of the *immense majority of French citizens*. A new circumscription of French dioceses was to be made; the titulars of the existing sees were to be required by the Pope, for the good of religion, to relinquish their sees into his hands; if they refused, or neglected to do so within ten days, the Pope would declare the sees vacant. The new sees were to be filled up by the Pope on the nomination of the French government, and the bishops were to take an oath of fidelity to the latter, the same that was in use under the old dynasty. The government, in like manner, was to have a negative on the appointment of curates. All the ancient churches in France, *not alienated*, were to be placed at the disposal of the bishops. The Holy See declared that it would not trouble in any manner the possessors of ecclesiastical property, and the government secured to the clergy an adequate support from the treasury.

In this great act, which Pius VII confirmed by the bull *Ecclesia Christi*, we discover several positions of vast importance to be clearly ascertained. In the first place, although the Catholic religion was not recognized by the French Republic as the religion of the State, yet in acknowledging it to be the religion of the "*great majority*" of Frenchmen, and in giving it a legal establishment, it is evident that on the principle of the sovereignty of the people, Catholic dogma was taken as the basis of French right and French law. In the second place, the Catholic Church, through its Head, acknowledged the national sovereignty and ignored the divine right of any family to govern this or that people by inheritance. In the third place, the Pope was recognized as the sovereign of the Church, as

invested with a plenary power, which, in case of necessity could dispense with all subordinate concurrence. These formal recognitions of principles always contended for by the Popes and Doctors of the Church in regard alike to the civil and ecclesiastical government, constituted a prodigious victory of truth, purchased, it is true, at a prodigious cost. It reconciled the Revolution to the Church, and it identified the Church with all that was useful, salutary and just in the Revolution.

Accordingly, the only obstinate opposition to the Concordat proceeded from those emigrant French bishops, who defended at all risks and costs the right of the Bourbons. Thirteen of these bishops, then residing in London, drew up and signed two declarations, in one of which they declared that "the king," that is, the Count de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII, "preserved all the rights of his crown which he held of God, and that nothing could have freed his subjects from their oath of fidelity;" and in the second, "they complained of the Concordat, for permitting a new oath to the government actually established in France, for ordaining prayers for that government, and acknowledging it as invested with the same rights as the former one."* These reclamations themselves attest the meaning and force of the Concordat. The opposition of these bishops led to a sort of schism, which passed under the name of *La Petite Eglise*, composed of some thirty-six bishops who refused to acknowledge the Concordat, and pretended to hold on to their sees in spite of the Pope. It was not without difficulty that the First Consul overcame the opposition in France itself, particularly in the legislative body, and among the generals of the army, to the re-establishment of religion; in regard to the first, it became necessary to purify it by a new election, and for the second, to exert the absolute military authority of the chief of the State to compel their presence at the first solemn mass celebrated at Notre Dame.

On the other hand, most noble and touching was the language in which many of the non-juring bishops (that is, those who had never accepted the civil constitution of the clergy) submitted to the Concordat and resigned their rights into the hands of the successor of Peter. "Full of veneration and obedience for the decrees of his Holiness," said Mgr. de Belloy, bishop of Marseilles, "and wishing always to be united to him in heart and mind, I do not hesitate to deposit in the hands of the Holy Father, my resignation of the bishopric of Marseilles." The bishop of Aqs (the diocese of Vincent de Paul) wrote, "I have not hesitated a moment to immolate myself, as soon as I had learned that this painful sacrifice was necessary to the peace of the country and the triumph of religion."—"Let us confess," exclaims the worldly Thiers, "beautiful is the institution which commands such sacrifices and such language. The greatest names of the ancient clergy of ancient France, the Rohans, the Latours du Pin, the Castellanes, the Polignacs, the Clermont-Tonnerres, the Latours d'Auvergne, were found in the list of the bishops who had resigned." At the same time the unanimous resignation of the so-called constitutional bishops, those who had formerly taken the oath to the civil constitution of the clergy, which was condemned by the Holy See, terminated that disgraceful schism. The opposition of the legislative body, the coldness of the Senate and Council of State, the mutiny of the republican generals, lastly, (why should we not say it?) the almost invincible repugnance of the legate *a latere* of the Holy See, Cardinal Caprara, to receive among the newly appointed bishops a certain number of the constitutional bishops without the

* *Memoires de Picot*, cited by Rohrbacher, *Histoire de l'Eglise*, t. 27, Liv. xc, p. 642.

humiliation of a recantation on their part, were all overcome, and on Easter Day, the 18th of April, 1802, after a year of incessant negotiation, the great bodies of the State, the court of the First Consul, the generals, in short, the representatives of France and of the Revolution, assisted at the solemn mass and *Te Deum* of the Concordat in Notre Dame.

This, we know, is the bright side of the picture. The dark side is of course to be found partly in the half recognition of the Catholic religion by France in the Concordat itself, but chiefly in the unworthy trick (as we may call it) by which the French government accompanied the publication of the Concordat by that of the famous *organic articles*. A brief enumeration of some of these provisions will show the absurd jealousy of the Church which the new government inherited from the old dynasty, which diminished not only the grace but the sincerity and good faith of its concessions to the Holy See, and prepared the way for that fatal conflict between the two powers which prostrated the dynasty of Napoleon as if by a thunderbolt from heaven.

The organic articles, then, provided, that no bull, brief or other writing of the Holy See could be published in France without the authority of government; that no delegate from Rome except her official representative could be tolerated; that every infraction of the rules committed by a member of the clergy, would be tried by the council of State; that no council, particular or general, could be held without government permission; that no catechism was to be published without government license; and that every ecclesiastic, engaged in the instruction of the clergy, should subscribe or profess the Gallican declaration of 1682, condemned by the Holy See. In short, having restored the Church in France, it was proposed to put her in fetters; while availing one's-self of the spiritual omnipotence of Rome, it was attempted to construct a barrier against it; but there is no such barrier except the divine law which Rome administers, and of which she, not temporal governments, is the judge without appeal. Nothing could be more suicidal than this course of the new French government, which, decided to throw itself upon the New Law, undertook to deprive that law of its vigor, its authority and its life. But the full experience of Gallicanism was yet to be made; the old traditions of Bourbonism, adopted by the Revolution, had not yet received their convincing refutation from the progress of events, and the new government of Napoleon, with those that followed it in France, were destined to work out the proof by their misfortunes.

It is to be observed, moreover, that in judging the Concordat we must rise above details, and even overlook the motives of those who took part in it. There is no doubt that this young conqueror who had obtained the supreme power in France, and who had as great a genius for civil as for military affairs, saw very clearly, more clearly than any one else in France at that time, the necessity of such a measure to tranquillize the Republic, to destroy factions, to heal the religious dissensions which embittered so much the political discords, and above all, by obtaining the intervention of the Papal authority—the greatest moral power in Europe—in the new order of things, to gain its sanction for his government, while obliterating every vestige of the old;—so that the whole future national life of France might be bound up in the completed work of the Revolution, and with his own victorious agency;—no doubt, Bonaparte saw all this, as it became him to see it, with that eagle eye of genius: and no doubt he never meant to elevate the Papacy to a new power, as it were,—to concede to it functions more absolute than it wished to exercise, however they might lie within its supreme capacity; no

doubt he hoped always to make the Pope subservient to his will; no doubt he meant, and by the organic articles endeavored, to provide for the limitation and control of the power he had evoked. But the fact remained that he had evoked that power, nor could he then pretend to bind it; he had appealed to the sovereignty of the Pope over the Church, i. e. to the highest and most consistent "ultramontanism," and it was no longer in his choice to retreat upon Gallicanism, and to curb that spiritual sovereignty with his steel-clad hand.

In the very crisis of the Concordat, the Bourbons intrigued, the followers of the Bourbons, the defenders of the old family legitimacy, protested against the purely spiritual action of the Sovereign Pontiff; Bonaparte and the Revolution demanded that action, acknowledged its validity, and based on it the fundamental interest of society—religion. Even in exile the House of Bourbon appeared representing the spirit of Gallicanism, or what some persons call Cæsarism, while Cæsar himself, if he were individually Cæsar, was found in his public capacity *rendering to God the things that are God's*. Well might Napoleon say afterwards, speaking of the Concordat, "*If the Pope had not existed, we should have been forced to create one for the occasion*."—a magnificent though half-intended tribute on the part of such a man to the necessity of the Papacy even for the temporal order.

The simple effect of the Concordat, then, was (unless we mistake) to establish the revealed law as the acknowledged basis of society in France, and to bind the new political order of things resulting from the Revolution to a re-affirmation of the Papacy, with all its powers, its rights, its dogmas, its discipline and its spiritual supremacy. The Revolution renounced infidelity, it renounced the war on religion, nay, it bowed to religion, re-enthroned it, gave it power and asked its blessing. Henceforth, if the Revolution undertook to defy the spiritual authority, within its own limits, or failed to acknowledge the rights and duties of man in society as defined by that authority, the Revolution became inconsequent and stultified itself. This result became still more necessary when the Revolution finally gave itself permanence by becoming also dynastic, when the new order of things sought to secure itself by conferring the hereditary empire on the fortunate soldier who had known how to organize and consolidate it, to make it victorious and to give it a sighed-for repose.

As we have already observed, if there is a principle evident in the affairs of government, it is this; that every power of a temporal sort exists providentially as the minister of a law external to itself; and if there is a fact evident in history, it is that every such power must stand by the law which it invokes. A purely Pagan government may govern according to Pagan law—until its day comes. A Mohammedan power may govern according to Mohammedan law, and must, till its day comes, as one day it will. To desert its law is to hasten, not retard, its dissolution. A Protestant government is on the eve of dissolution when it abandons Protestant law. A Catholic government, which, if faithful to its own character, may endure forever, is sealed to perish, from the moment that it abandons the Catholic law. To attempt to unite an adhesion to Catholic law, from a view to any worldly or other advantages thence accruing, with a legislation founded on Pagan, atheistic, or Protestant principles, is to commence a suicidal system, it is to plant the seeds of one's own overthrow.

We see this already in the organic articles of the French government, superinduced upon the Concordat, by a treachery to the Holy See; and, among other things, we see it in the new system of State education established by General

Bonaparte, and afterwards perfected by the Emperor. The system of pure secular State education is consistent in a country which acknowledges no particular religion, — which stands upon the natural law interpreted by itself — but it is inconsistent in a State which recognizes that the Catholic Church is the divinely commissioned teacher of mankind. It must be a pernicious system under any government in the long run, but in a Catholic government it is suicidal.* In many other respects the Catholic religion was not fully restored in France; the religious orders were not yet permitted (with some exceptions, which were afterwards extended); marriages, even between Catholics, without the blessing of the Church, were recognized by the law, and divorce was legalized. The last was an essential point in which the new government, consular and imperial, opposed itself at the same time to the immutable dogma of Christianity, and to the fundamental law of Catholic civilization, and the tenacity with which Napoleon, on this point, adhered to the State system, was destined to cost him his throne.

Nevertheless for the present all went well with the soldier of fortune. He had deserved well of the Church by the Concordat, and he was to receive his reward. Having restored France to the unity of Christendom, having reconstituted the French government, (in principle, if not in every detail), upon the basis of the revealed Christian law taught by the Catholic Church, he was chosen by Providence to be the hereditary head of that rehabilitated Christian government, to wear the imperial hereditary crown of that regenerated France.

Every obstacle opposed to the elevation of Bonaparte only carried him higher. The intrigues of the royalists and of the exiled French princes against his person, defeated and crushed by an act of cruel vigor in the *fossé* of Vincennes; the conspiracy of republican generals, terminated by the suicide of Pichegru and the banishment of Moreau; only prepared the way for the movement by which, with the consent of the vast majority of the nation and the army, and according to the formal enactment of the Senate and legislative body, the hereditary monarchy was reconstituted in the person and family of Napoleon.

Agreeably to the principles laid down by the Catholic doctors, and always acted on by the Church, in which it is considered that political power is derived from God through the PEOPLE, nothing could be more legitimate than this new dynasty; and accordingly, at the request of the new Emperor, after long and mature consideration, the head of the Catholic religion, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, whose spiritual supremacy Napoleon and France, in the concordat, had so signally acknowledged, came to Paris to consecrate the dynasty and its chief and the empire itself. There have been *thirty* coronations of the Emperors by the Popes: † the *first* took place at Constantinople, A. D. 545, of the Emperor of the East, then faithful to the Holy See and to the Church; the *last* was at Paris, A. D. 1804, of the Emperor of the West, (as he loved to be called, and as he soon to all intents and purposes became), who, also, at his consecration, to the Papal question — *Do you promise to maintain peace in the Church of God?* — answered, “*I PROMISE.*” ‡

* We are sensible that this is a mild way of stating the evils of the University, which has been resisted ever since by the Church, and seems not unlikely to be the rock on which the Imperial dynasty will again make shipwreck; but this is not the place for the discussion of such a theme, still less for vain rhetoric in regard to it.

† Couronnements des Empereurs par les Papes. Par l'Abbé Héry.

‡ Rohrbacher, *Histoire de l'Eglise*, t. xxviii, Liv. xci, p. 43.

The night before the coronation, on the determined resolution of the Pope not to crown Josephine, in the state of legal concubinage in which the Emperor and Empress then lived, Napoleon and Josephine received the nuptial benediction from Cardinal Fesch, in the imperial apartments, and in presence of *Duroc* and *Portalis*. All the necessary dispensations and powers were granted by the Pope himself. This act, and the Papal resistance which caused its consummation, merit some attention.

The laws of France still permitted civil marriage; nay, they regarded a marriage according to the Church as null, unless the civil marriage preceded. It was not possible for the Pope, who was not the civil ruler of France, to alter this regulation, however anti-Christian. But when it was a question of bestowing the pontifical consecration upon the mere civil wife of the Emperor, whom he might put away to-morrow, as the Catholic Empress of France, it was clear that Pius VII would have betrayed not only the cause of religion, but the civilization of Europe, defended by so many of his predecessors against the passions of kings, if he had consented. It is in such junctures that we see all the necessity of the Pope to Christianity. The resistance of any other than a *Pope* in this case would have been unavailing; and on that resistance it depended whether France, whether Europe, was to be in future Christian or Mohammedan in its social laws. The French Revolution, which had sought to de-Christianize Europe, which had sought to render it Pagan and Mohammedan, in the hour of its greatest triumph, of its consecration as master of Europe, met an old man infirm and powerless, in the recesses of the Tuileries, and yielded. Even at that hour Napoleon might have resisted; he might have dispensed with the consecration of the Pope for his dynasty, or, yielding in another manner, he might have been anointed and crowned *alone*. Either of these decisions would have changed the whole sequel of the history. With the first, it is more than likely there would have been no "new French dynasty;" with the second it is not improbable that Napoleon's own son would have succeeded him tranquilly on the throne. Napoleon should have defied Jesus Christ and held his crown openly of Satan, the prince of this world, or he should have submitted to Jesus Christ with all his heart, and without reserve. To deceive Him by whom kings reign was impossible. But, however, he submitted for the present. He yielded to the Pope, that is, to Christ, by rehabilitating his marriage with Josephine, (a tribute which the new Emperor owed to the public morality), that he might afterwards brave the Pope and outrage Christ, by divorcing her and marrying another. History, which has always pointed out the divorce as the fatal point of his career, will show us with what results:—how the empire fell; how the conqueror was conquered; how the jailor of the Pope became the prisoner of the so-hated English; how the princess whom he pretended to wed trailed his name in the mire; how the son whom he obtained by that sacriligious adultery died the victim of that very policy which his father had thus attempted to conciliate; how the grand-son of the repudiated Josephine, the son of a brother whom his wilful ambition had first rendered unhappy and then dethroned, restored (Divine Providence so ordering it) his dynasty, after having first restored the successor of Pius VII to the sovereignty of Rome.

There was even in the ceremony of coronation an incident which might forbode the future to an eye gifted with true political discernment. It was when Napoleon, having been anointed, blessed and girded by the Pope, who had also blessed the imperial crown, boldly advanced to the altar, took the crown, anticipating the Pontiff, and placed it on his own head. He disdained to receive it, according to

the Roman ritual, kneeling, and from the hands of the Pope. In like manner he placed the crown of the Empress, blessed by the Pope, upon the head of Josephine kneeling before him. This proud action, which arrested universal attention, was not in reality a happy augury for the permanence of that reign or that dynasty. The prince, sprung from nothing, who would not suffer the crown to be placed upon his head by the representative of Almighty God, nor in the humble attitude of prayer, which becomes human frailty in receiving so great a burthen, gave an indication of the pride which precedes a fall. In view of the events which followed, one is amazed at the presumption of the act, and terrified, not impressed, by its audacity. But when, immediately after, Napoleon I took his seat upon his throne, and the Pope, proceeding down the magnificent church to the foot of it, blessed the new Emperor, and saluted him in the language first used to Charlemagne, intoning *VIVAT IN ETERNUM SEMPER AUGUSTUS*,—this salutation from the Vicar of Christ was a voice surely which could not pass away like an empty sound; the Providence of God does not permit His Vicar on earth to condescend so far for a mere ceremony, or suffer his solemn words to fall to the ground without a worthy fulfilment.

On the same day of the following year the new Emperor of the French met in battle both the ancient Emperors of Europe, the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Russia, and defeated them. The sun of Austerlitz became famous as that which beheld the military consecration of the new empire. But *he that takes the sword shall perish by the sword*. The Emperors whom Napoleon defeated on the 2d December, 1805, afterwards entered Paris as conquerors. If Napoleon owed, as he said, his crown to his *sword*, when the sword ceased to conquer, the crown should, logically, have passed away. It was otherwise with the blessing of the Pope upon the new Emperor and the new dynasty. After thirty-six years the power of that blessing returned, and on the 2d December, 1852, another Napoleon was hailed in Notre Dame as Emperor of the French.

CLEMENT IV TO HIS BROTHER.*

CLEMENT, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our beloved son Peter Gross of St. Ægidius, Health. Whilst many rejoice at our promotion, we are not the only one who deeply feel the overwhelming burden: wherefore what causes joy to others, is an occasion of fear and sorrow to us. You should consequently understand what your sentiments should be in these circumstances: for what greatly humbles us, should not elevate our relatives, especially since the honor of this world is transient and soon disappears like the morning dew. We do not wish you, or your brother, or any one of our relatives to come to us without our special order, since if they presume to come otherwise, they must return disappointed and confounded. Neither should you seek a higher match for your sister

*This interesting letter taken from an authentic source, is an example of disinterestedness and elevation of conduct in a Pope that will edify our readers, in spite of its not being conformed to the ideal recently held up to admiration by H. R. H. Prince Albert. [ED. MET.]

on our account, for we shall not favor or assist you in this regard. But if you marry her simply to the son of a knight, we purpose to aid you by a gift of three hundred lres of Tours: whilst if you aspire higher, you need not expect a penny from us. This we wish to be perfectly secret, and known only to you and your mother. Be assured also that we will not have any of our relatives to be puffed up under pretext of our elevation, but we wish Mobile and Cecilia to marry such men as they might have done were we mere clergymen. Call on Sybilla, and tell her not to remove from her present abode, but to stay at Susa, and to observe all gravity and modesty in dress, and not to presume to intercede with us in behalf of any one: for her interference would be useless to the party, and injurious to the pleader. If perchance presents be offered her with this view, let her reject them, if she desire to preserve our favor. Salute my mother and brothers. We do not write to you, or our relatives, under the great seal, but under seal of the fisherman, which the Roman Pontiffs use in their private correspondence.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.—VI.

(ROME—THE SISTINE CHAPEL).

IF any circumstance can enhance the interest of the visitor, who finds in the ordinary aspect of Rome and its simplest routine, memorials and rites to increase his faith and enliven his piety, it is surely the privilege of assisting at the solemnities of the lenten season, and especially of the closing week, into which is crowded the eventful history of the passion and death of the Son of God. Multitudes hurry to the holy city to enjoy the magnificent ceremonial: and so expressive is the narrative of a Saviour's love which the Church presents, so pathetic the language which she employs, so demonstrative the symbolism which she adopts, that often the most heedless are arrested, the most obdurate softened, and the very infidel tempted to exclaim with the famous Misson, "*Je suis Catholique en ce moment.*"

My arrival was quite opportune and my facilities abundant. For your sake therefore, I would not be loth to add my own to the many descriptions of this grand and impressive period: but as a letter cannot embrace a tithe of the subject, you must content yourself with the partial and transient images which the narrowness of my space allows me to offer. Your Catholic heart will complete the series. I transport you at once to the *Capella Sistina*. Never does this celebrated chapel fail to awe and touch the beholder, in his perception of all that is rich in art and sublime in religion. In the silence and solitude which at times pervade it, there are memories which people it with the mighty ones of old; and Pontiff and prince and sculptor and painter speak from the walls and floors with voices that stir the heart. And when you see within its precincts, not only the sovereign of a state, surrounded by his court, but the *Vicar of Christ and Ruler of the Universal Church*, with the splendid functions of his office and the winning attributes of his character, you are led to regard the chapel as the most magnificent apartment which genius and piety have reared to receive so high and dignified a personage. Let me hurriedly give its outlines. It is a lofty oblong, one hundred and thirty-five feet by forty-five, vaulted in large compartments and pierced with high and narrow

windows. Two parallel sections of the walls, beneath the windows, are painted—the lower with draperies, the upper with remarkable frescoes. The end wall and the ceiling are likewise pictured in the most admirable manner, with creations of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and other eminent artists of the fifteenth century, which illustrate Scripture history, by types and antitypes in a glorious series. Beneath the unrivalled fresco of Doomsday by Buonarroti, at the extremity of the chapel, stands the altar, and facing the Gospel corner, the Pontifical throne. The continuous seats of the cardinals extend laterally about two-thirds of the apartment and crossing at right angles with an entry between the ends, form a kind of choir. A grated partition cuts off a part of the quadrangle nearest the door, and within and without this line, spectators are admitted. Near the grate, when you pass inside, you see, some feet above the floor, a rich balustrade which fronts a tribune sunken deeply in the wall. Here are the famous singers, almost concealed from view: “*vocem adyti dignam templo.*”

Ordinarily the Sistine Chapel is richly furnished, in excellent taste: and with its pictorial compositions above and its splendid assemblage below, it presents a scene of majesty and beauty which the eye may seek in vain elsewhere. Now however as we enter, we find its aspect changed. The floor is uncarpeted, the seats of the cardinals stripped of their draperies, the altar-piece covered, the cross itself shrouded. The princes of the Church divest themselves of their rings, and in place of scarlet cappas, assume deep violet, the emblem of penance. The lights are extinguished in lamp and candelabra; the officiating prelate and his assistants are robed in black; the Pontiff offers no benediction. You cannot mistake these solemn preparations; they announce Good Friday. I have ever thought that the Catholic Church, with a heart full of piety and a mind conscious of the grandeur and pathos of religion, had devised the most admirable rites to represent this great tragedy. All is symbolic of profound abasement, of unspeakable desolation. But never did I appreciate this truth in its fulness, till I assisted at this office in the Sistine Chapel. I need not insist on the familiar ceremonial in its entirety; I allude to a part which exhibits the spirit of the Church in its most amiable quality—its charity to all mankind. Is it not strange that gross misrepresentation should sometimes distort her virtues and falsify her acts, open to the eye of the whole world? It is asserted that the Church at the very altar of Christ, and on the day when he died to redeem all men, without exception, utters a positive malediction against those who are without her pale. Listen to those prayers—as admirable in their composition as loving in their scope and intention—which the cardinal celebrant pronounces in Rome, in the presence of the Supreme Pontiff, in the midst of the power and majesty of ecclesiastical dominion. He asks of Heaven with words and tones, which attest his sincerity, to protect and bless *all mankind*—all, all; even the unhappy people who had invoked upon their heads the blood of Christ! . . . At the close of these prayers, the cross is unveiled and exposed to the veneration of the assembly. How imposing and touching is this act of religion! At the cry “*Venite adoremus,*” the Pontiff descends from his throne, lays aside his deep red cape, and with unfeigned humility advances to venerate the emblem of redemption; to offer homage in his own person and in the name of the Church, which he represents, to Jesus Christ, who this day hung in agony on the cross. The curtains, at this moment, are drawn aside and the darkened chamber is flooded with light. The sunshine streams down on the prostrate High Priest, who humbles himself in the sense and sorrow of human guilt. Here is no silly parade, no lordly affectation, and above all, no

perversion of faith in giving to the lifeless substance, to the material image, the homage which belongs solely to God. The enlightened piety of Catholics cannot stoop to such absurdity and crime; and the enlightened judgment of non-Catholics, who discriminate between divine and relative honor, will not affirm such disloyalty against their brethren. The cardinals and entire body of the clergy follow in the steps of the Holy Father and venerate the crucifix. It is now that the choir breathes forth a melody of surpassing tenderness. It is the "Improperium." You remember the words, so eloquent, so appropriate, which proclaim the mercies of God to His people and that people's ingratitude! "My people, what have I done to thee, or in what have I grieved thee? Answer me. Thou hast prepared a cross for thy Saviour and pierced His side with a spear!" . . . At the end of each passage, the *Trisagion* is sung in Greek and Latin. The music is by Palestrina; and in its simple combinations, so bold and swelling, and yet so soft and slow and imploring, it may well immortalize the composer. Nothing can be better disciplined than the Sistine choir; nothing can excel, if equal, its masterly efforts. As it chants, now with a single contralto which seems to pierce the heavens, and now with a plenary harmony of all its parts, those moving words of reply: "O God, the holy, the strong, the immortal, have mercy on us!" you feel prompted by the devotion which it inspires and the compunction which it extorts, to cast yourself on your knees, with that suppliant throng, and unite your own voice in the cry for pardon: "O God, the holy, the strong, the immortal, have mercy on us!"

(THE COUSINS. — TENERE).

Before I pass the interval between the morning and evening offices, let me say a word about the celebrant. He is a strong, firmly built man, of medium height, about fifty-eight years of age. His head is somewhat grey, but his step is elastic and his voice rolls sonorously through the vaulted chamber. I see vigor and determination in those masculine lines. My eye wanders from his face to the countenance of a more august personage, who, some three years his senior, occupies a place opposite to him. What perfection in the classic contour, what beauty in the features, what serenity in the expression, what tenderness in the beaming of those loving eyes! There is firmness too, but firmness tempered by self-sacrificing charity. Who are these men? They are of the same noble race, the Pontiff and his cousin, *Penitenziere Maggiore* — Pius IX and Cardinal Gabriele Ferretti. Both are historical characters; and the events of their lives, as far as dispositions can guide the currents of human existence, I fancied could be read in their faces. The Cardinal some years since was Nuncio at Naples, while the cholera scourged that city with a frightful mortality. Unsparring of time, money and person, he went about every where, among the poor and low and stricken, like his divine Master, *doing good*; and in the midst of a terrified multitude, prostrate before the altars of Sta. Chiara, with sublime self-devotion offered his life to Heaven to stay its anger against the people. Behold him again in the Romagna. The times are disjointed and the Legations agitated by bad men. Bands of rebels at length began to ravage the country and advance towards the two cities, in which the Pontiff and his cousin held separate episcopal jurisdiction. Mastai Ferretti, listening to the promptings of his benevolent heart and discarding the fears with which his friends sought to inspire him, went forth to meet the revolutionists. His gentle remonstrance, his fatherly appeals, his generous sympathy overcame their hostility; they threw down their arms and returned to their homes. Not so his stalwart cousin, gentle to the tractable, but inflexible to the perverse. When exhortations

had proved fruitless to conciliate and disarm the rebels, the bishop of Rieti stimulated the citizens to make a vigorous defence, and whilst he prayed at the foot of the altar for their success, bade them sally forth to achieve a decided victory.

But let us return to the Sistine Chapel. About 2 p. m. an immense crowd besieges the Scala Regia, and by alternate pressure of numbers and wheedling of soft words, strives to overcome the good humor and loyalty of the Swiss guards or break through the line of Italian infantry which barriers the stairs. After an hour and a half delay, the ranks quietly open; and literally with a hop, skip and jump, gentlemen in court dresses, and stately dames attired with black silks and veils, rush up the stairway pell mell and fill the Sistine Chapel to overflowing. . . Another delay and then the Papal cortege appears, issuing from a door at the upper extremity. The Pontiff and Sacred College are seated; the triangular candlestick is lighted; Matins and Lauds are begun. It is the third day of the *Tenebræ*, and the music, if possible, is superior to that of the preceding evening; at least Bai's imitation of Allegri yields to the composition of the great master. The Lamentations, even in plain chant, are happy combinations of sentiment and melody; but the first harmonized by Allegri is extremely beautiful. Let me however pass rapidly by the rest of the office to reach the "*Miserere*," composed also by this distinguished musician. The sun has set and twilight is glimmering through the lofty windows. The lights are extinguished and the last candle on the triangle is removed at the termination of the *Benedictus*. The shadows of evening begin to hang heavily around the walls. Through the dim air, you discern the outlines of the covered crucifix and the curtained altar piece. All are kneeling in the midst of profound stillness. And now a sweet, low wail comes on the wings of darkness, whence you can scarcely tell; plaintive as the moaning of the dove, soft and clear and prolonged as the tones of the harmonicon or the saddening murmur of the *Æolian* harp. Every head is motionless, every tongue is hushed, to catch the faintest whisper of that divine voice, to listen to its dying echoes. It is not only for the delicious notes which it utters, but for the spirit of faith and piety which hovers around the listener. *Miserere!* oh! how solemnly touching is that cry for mercy, which cleaves the air and rises up appealingly to God! It is David again who, abased in the dust and sorrowful for his crimes, implores the Almighty to pity and spare him. Or rather it is, in its gentle, its loving, its tender accents, the voice of Magdalen^e prostrate at her Saviour's feet and mingling her tears and her prayers to supplicate forgiveness. Again and again the voice of unearthly sweetness is seconded by a strong choral burst; now swelling in high and massive undulations, and now receding in the distance in liquid cadences. Who can describe the rapture and sadness which it inspired, whilst many a breath was held in charmed attention, and many eyes like mine, were filled with tears? It requires the pen of a Chrysostom, or Basil, or Augustine, who feelingly extol the power of sacred music and exhibit its happy effects, when, addressed less to the exterior than the interior ear, "*il cantar che nell'anima si sente*," it prepossesses the mind and inflames our affections with divine love. This indeed is the unique merit of Catholic psalmody. It is the language of the heart, the melody of prayer, in unison with all nature, when faith wings the soul above the empire of the senses, and in a high and holy atmosphere, reveals the beauty of religion and the glories of everlasting life. Since that religion was communicated to us with the symphony of angels and shall be perfected in the eternal harmonies of man's beatitude, why shall we not meanwhile worship God in strains worthy of His majesty, and attune our voices for parts that shall be

assigned us in the choirs of the blest? And what can better remind us of this noble destiny or give seemlier honor to the Deity and edification to men, than the sublime conception of Catholic genius, elevating and thrilling all hearts by their simplicity and sweetness, especially that music which prevails in the churches of Rome, the old and stately Gregorian chant or the admirable modulations of Palestrina?

(EASTER — A FATHER'S BLESSING).

Holy Saturday with its various and significant ceremonies is exceedingly interesting; especially in the Basilica of St. John Lateran which ranks above all other churches in Rome: "*omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput!*" Here the cardinal vicar imposes hands on numerous aspirants to the ministry and, in the baptistry attached to this ancient cathedral, solemnly administers Baptism to Jews and infidels. The Basaltic vase had been employed for the same religious rite, as tradition reports, by Constantine and profaned by Rienzi, in the memorable Tribunitial episode of 1347. But we are obliged to overleap this portion of the *Settimana Santa*.

Easter has dawned on the hills of Rome, the grandest in the cycle of her solemnities; and the Pontiff, who rarely officiates in person, in the Basilic of St. Peter, now celebrates the resurrection of Christ at the high altar. What shall we say of this festival, so rich in display, so sacred in its harmonies, so grand in its personages, so impressive in its liturgy, so touching in its reminiscences, so instructive in its lessons, that even the unbelieving and indevout are persuaded to echo the words of the Psalmist, "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of thy house and the place where thy glory dwelleth." My report must be brief; my description imperfect. Thousands on thousands, from an early hour, hasten to the church. The altar since Good Friday, and the Sanctuary, have undergone a great change. Thrones and canopies and curtains reappear in all their splendor, and the altar, with its accessories, is flaming with golden ornaments and silken broideries. At the appointed hour, the tread of military array announces the approach of the *Guardia Nobile*. These are the sons of the noble families, voluntarily enrolled as the immediate guard of the Pope. Magnificently costumed and decorated, they extend in parallel lines from the Baldachin to the seats of the Cardinals. And now the voices of the choir in the distance are heard, singing those suggestive words, "*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo Ecclesiam meam,*" &c. Upborne like the Roman magistrate on his curule chair, or like the ancient warrior on his shield, in sign of authority and triumph, the Pontiff moves slowly in this superb procession, blessing the kneeling people as he passes. Look at that splendid train, embracing all the celebrities of the city, high functionaries, ecclesiastic and secular, men of talent, erudition and sanctity, worthy of the Church whose honored children they are, and worthy of the successor of St. Peter, whom they venerate and love!

Then begins the mass, conformably to the Pontifical, in which, however, are noted some interesting peculiarities. At the consecration the scene is sublime. Every head is bowed, every knee is bent to the marble floor; even the military are bowed with the multitude, and their drawn swords are laid before them. The silence of the moment is broken by a burst of instrumental music which throws its volume of sound into the vast dome and numberless arches, so deeply, and yet in such rich and mellow tones, that the hearer is startled and enchanted. The ordinary ritual is changed at the moment of communion. The Pope proceeds to his throne, and thither the sacred elements are carried in a most impressive man-

ner by the first deacon, Cardinal Antonelli. According to ancient usage, the Pontiff receives the chalice, in company with the deacon, through a tube or syphon, having previously divided with the deacon and subdeacon the consecrated host. These ceremonies, to which I can barely allude, are described in their completeness and details by Bishop England and Cardinal Wiseman. You may consult these treatises with profit . . . In a brief while Easter will be past, and with it the unrivalled and almost inconceivable magnificence of a Roman celebration. A solemn rite terminates the morning office. Represent to yourself that first of God's temples, with its "wondrous dome" — its majestic facade — its forest of columns — its imperial obelisks and fountains and court. Stand on the platform in front of the grand portico and look on the piazza. In the back ground is the dark, giant mass of Adrian's Mole, surmounted by the archangel and blazoned with Pontifical standards. At the extremity of the area, line after line, are the French cavalry, erect and motionless, whose swords and helmets are blazing in the sun; in front, deep and serried, the infantry, stretching the whole extent of the elliptical space. With the obelisk as a centre, you behold a circle of brilliant arms and plumes and banners. On the terrace above them, reaching to the church itself, is a compact mass, thousands on thousands, from many lands, of divers tongues and manners and degrees. The lines of Martial, addressed to Cæsar, may be applied to the successor of Cæsar, who extends his sway over Rome and the world:

Quæ tam seposita est, quæ gens tam barbara, Cæsar,

Ex quâ non sit in urbe tuâ:

* * * * *

Vox diversa sonat: populorum est vox tamen una,

Cum verus Patræ diceris esse Pater!

Let the eye sweep the sides of this immense court: there again, above and below the pillared corridors, countless multitudes are assembled. Hangings are floating in the wind, flags are flying, eyes are bright with expectation. Abruptly the huge cannon of St. Angelo boom on the air, the ponderous bells of St. Peter ring their solemn chimes, the bands pour out their martial strains. Then silence ensues — heads are uncovered — knees are bent. The Supreme Pontiff stands on the balcony to bless his children. His form is upright; his head is slightly raised; his arms are lovingly extended. He lifts those beautiful eyes, in communion with God, whilst a glow animates his features, and the soul of benignity beams on the multitude. A movement of that paternal hand, and the father of the faithful signs every tribe and people with the benediction of Christ! "And all the people and the ancients and the princes and judges stood on both sides of the ark, before the priests that carried the ark of the covenant of the Lord, both the stranger and he that was born among them — and Moses blessed the people of Israel."

Joué viii.

To the eye made short-sighted by worldly considerations or clouded by prejudice, the august spectacle which I have imperfectly portrayed may appear only a brilliant and elaborate ceremony, or a cunningly devised pageant to lure the mind from the substance to the shadow of religion. Many strangers who visit Rome, unable to comprehend the spiritual significance of her rites, as they are unwilling to examine and believe her doctrines, denounce the exercises of the Holy Week as idle pomp and puerile mummeries. It is the cry of ignorance and passion every where against all that is Catholic:

Quæcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

For the thoughtful and sincere inquirer, the scene is fraught with grace and unction. God is the author of ceremonies, since in composing man of body and soul, and requiring the homage of his entire being, he imposed on his creature the necessity of manifesting his thoughts and feelings by external signs. And the whole world, in its material grandeur and beauty, he gave as a manual of ceremonies, useful to the intellectual, necessary to the gross and ignorant, to regulate the senses and quicken the imagination of noble ideas of "his power and divinity," of his sanctity and goodness, and by these noble ideas to dispose the heart to piety. For the maintenance of religion, which he thus established to govern the exterior and interior man, and for the exercise of decency, order and uniformity among his worshippers, the Almighty ordained a magnificent ritual under the ancient law, and commanded the Levites to discharge their ministerial functions with singular pomp and majesty. In subsequent times, has the nature of man been changed, or his relations to the Deity? . . . Other societies, civil and religious, make use of ceremonies. Why do the latter consecrate temples, adopt liturgies, prescribe certain forms, appoint special hours, wear distinctive badges, sanction vocal and instrumental music, enjoin silence and order? Are not these ceremonies? Is God not accessible in all places and times and modes? A conclusive answer is, that apart from the union of prayer and the edification of men, the tumult and associations of profane places, the preoccupation of secular duties and the distractions of business hours, unfit the soul for reflection and intercourse with God. But if the principle is confessed by all, why carp at the Catholic Church because she prefers a more minute and impressive ceremonial? Let others embrace simpler forms; she is the best judge in degree and measure, not only of her position, duties and wants, but of the nature of religion, and the appropriate mode of exercising that religion for the greater glory of God and the greater benefit of man. Ages have confirmed this truth, and honest opponents admitted the antiquity, beauty and usefulness of her ceremonies. "It is evident," says a Protestant writer, (and the Catholic Church has the merit of rendering this truth still more evident), "that life should be a continued worship of the Deity; that art and nature possess an eternal and universal language for the expression and awakening of the highest feelings in the human breast, and we must esteem that Church as happy which is enabled to appropriate this language in its whole extent." . . .

One word more, as I class in this category the Papal benediction. If from our childhood we revere the paternal hand which sheds on our head the blessings of heaven; if we bow to old age, which, with the gravity of years and the beauty of holiness, invokes on us the sunshine of that land to which it is rapidly approaching; if we acknowledge the efficacy of his prayer, when the minister of Christ, in communion with God, imparts to us a divine benediction, "thus shall you bless the children of Israel and I will bless them," what are our ideas and emotions when we kneel amid the potent and holy souvenirs of Rome, before a man venerable by his age and virtues, a Pontiff sacred by his character and functions, a father, as the name imports, of all Christendom, chosen like Abraham to be the parent of a great people, and sent like his first predecessor to teach all nations, in whose person we recognize the legitimate successor of the prince of the apostles, in whose spiritual government we behold the acts of the Vicar of Jesus Christ? Is there not something of moment to the Catholic heart, less human than divine, which passes not away with the transient rite? And especially, when with this religious view in which Catholic antiquity shares, we measure the extent as we appreciate the virtue of the blessing of Pius IX, we embrace not only Rome, but the whole world,

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to which is dispensed — “*Urbi et Orbi*” — spreading on every side the charity of God and the fullness of peace, like the stirred ocean vibrating, from a centre, the entire surface, and widening its circles till they touch the remotest shores! As we knelt on the steps of St. Peter, and read by the light of faith those intelligible words, “All the glory of the king’s daughter is within golden borders,” we thanked God devoutly for the rare privilege we enjoyed, and felt doubly blest; for that prayer of the heart and the hand, bound in the sheaf of affection, ourselves and all that we cherish, though far away — country and compatriots — congregations and pastors — families and parents — friends, kindred and home — bodies and souls — fortunes and lives — even the cemeteries and the quiet dead, whose memory is in benediction.

H.

Silent Hours.

ERE yet Creation was, reigned over all
 Silence unbroken in the mighty heaven, —
 God speaks and even as the accents fall,
 Springs Time to birth, and earth to man is given.

In deepest silence of the midnight hour
 The Word Incarnate came to ransom man,
 For thirty years earth heard not of His power, —
 He dwelt in silence ere His work began.

The Comforter descended on the host
 Of Christ’s disciples bowed in silent prayer,
 He showers His graces on our spirits most,
 When silence reigneth round us everywhere.

The greatest saints in humble silence dwelt,
 Lest they might err in words though e’er so few,
 And their hushed souls God’s choicest blessings felt
 As flowers that silent drink His heaven-sent dew.

Within the sanctuary’s hush profound,
 Our Saviour-God ev’n now in silence dwells,
 Around His resting-place breaks no rude sound,
 Of love and peace that holy silence tells.

A stilly light is o’er the temple flung,
 Whose sacred floor by noiseless steps is trod,
 Where the pale, silvery, quenchless lamp is hung,
 And the adoring soul knows thus her God.

V. S. W.

Review of Current Literature.

1. **PROTESTANTISM AND CATHOLICITY COMPARED IN THEIR EFFECTS ON THE CIVILIZATION OF EUROPE.** By the Rev. J. Balmes. Translated from the French. Fourth Edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 8vo. pp. 501.

Both the great writers in defence of Catholicity whom Spain has produced in our day, died prematurely, in the meridian of life and usefulness. Both, it would seem, had accomplished that to which they were specially called. Without diverging here to the subject of Donoso Cortes, we may say confidently that no writer has conferred a more practical benefit on the world in this age than Balmes in the celebrated work in our heading. Like many works of that eminent utility, it grew out of the attempt to answer a popular but fallacious production of the time. To reply to Guizot's History of European Civilization was the original design of Balmes, which expanded into this profound, learned, eloquent and unanswerable essay.

Like every other great apologist of the present day, Balmes occupies himself with social and political questions as much as with religious. This is, indeed, a necessity of the age, because it is precisely, as Mr. Brownson observes, with its social and political ideas that the age assails the Church. Moreover, it is by social and political innovations that the age proposes to effect the annihilation of the Church, and both in Europe and America is aiming at her the deadliest blows. The destiny of the Church in Spain, more particularly, and in the vast countries on this continent formerly subject to the Spanish crown, is deeply involved in a just solution of these difficult questions by which the dogmas and interests of Catholicity are connected with the political theories and arrangements of the time. Now no one, it is conceded, has treated these questions more temperately, more wisely, more fairly, more persuasively, and (it is generally agreed) more accurately, on the whole, than Balmes, among recent writers. He has not partaken in the partizanships or the extremes of the French Schools: his view is orthodox, Spanish, national, at the same time that it is comprehensive, philosophic and sensible. That Balmes has closed the discussion of these problems, it would be absurd to pretend, or that he has given us a complete scientific view of the principles that he has used with so much power. No doubt, much remains to be done, as an immense deal is now doing, by those who have succeeded him; nor, in order to appreciate his brief though splendid labors, is it necessary to decry the great publicists who are now advancing on the same path which he opened so nobly. In America (if we may venture our opinion) we shall reap an especial benefit by studying this work of his, because it is a vast storehouse of principles and arguments, both of which are so much needed in our position, where it often happens that Catholics are as much in the dark what they are to defend, as with what reasons. It has had a large circulation already, but it ought to have a much larger, until every intelligent Catholic has made himself master of it. Nor is it of less interest to Protestants. No educated man ought to think himself well-informed on the great topics of the age till he has read and studied Balmes on European Civilization.

2. **THE LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY.** Baltimore: Hedian & O'Brien. 18mo.

This is a beautiful story of the Pyrenees, which gives one an exquisite picture of the simplicity and devotion of the peasantry of these mountains.

"Mary, or the Model of Filial Piety," the scene of which is also laid in the Pyrenees, is bound up in the same slender volume. This is also a very interesting story, but having been originally written in French, the interest is occasionally marred by a faulty translation. The rich and perhaps fanciful exuberance of the original required a taste and care which, to judge from the rest, the translator was fully able to bestow. The two together make a very pretty little book.

3. **CHRISTMAS NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS; or the Pastor's Visit to the Science of Salvation.** Translated from the Spanish of *Don John de Palafox*, Bishop of Osma. Baltimore: Hedian & O'Brien. 18mo. pp. 194.

A charming allegorical story. The style is extremely chaste and beautiful, and justice is done to it by an elegant, flowing and faithful translation. It is a book that seems at first sight intended for priests, but the interest and utility of it are for persons of every age and sex: every body that cares for the Science of Salvation, — that is, every practical Christian, — will read it with profit and delight, and nothing can be more apt to draw on those who, by nature, age, or levity of character, might be averse to this serious science, than to find it taught by so agreeable a method.

4. **LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** A new Edition in thirteen vols. Vol. v. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Needs only to be announced. We are not informed whether the remaining volumes are yet published or not.

5. **NATIONAL EDUCATION IN EUROPE**, by *Henry Barnard*. (New York: Charles B. Norton), and **SCHOOL ARCHITECTURE**, by the same author and publisher, are works of the highest practical utility and interest. We do not know where else the varied information contained in the former respecting the educational systems of Europe can be found in the English language; and the latter embodies all sorts of useful details for those who have school houses either to build or to furnish.

6. **CALAVAR, or the Knight of the Conquest, a Romance of Mexico.** By *Robert Montgomery Bird*. Author of "Nick of the Woods," "The Infidel," &c. Redfield: New York. 12mo.

The conquest of Mexico would afford a very good theme for the historical novelist. It would require, however, a deal of minute learning, and a profound conception of the great event itself, as well as artistic skill in arranging the lights and shades of the picture, projecting the figures on the canvass, and filling up the background of scenery and manners. As far as we can judge by merely dipping here and there into Calavar, the author has very good powers of description and narrative, which ought to tell in a work of this kind.

7. **THE CATACOMBS OF ROME**, as illustrating the Church of the first three centuries. By the Rt. Rev. *Wm. Ingraham Kip*, D. D., Missionary Bishop of California. Redfield: New York.

Some of our readers may perhaps be curious to know what a "missionary bishop" is. A "missionary bishop," in the Episcopal Church, we would inform them, stands in relation to a "diocesan bishop" pretty much as a Vicar Apostolic does to the bishop of a regular See in the Catholic Hierarchy: at least, this is the nearest approximation that we can think of, to give an idea of the position of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kip in the communion to which he belongs. It is, indeed, somewhat puzzling whence, on Anglican principles, the jurisdiction of such a bishop can be derived. His brethren, the diocesan bishops of the Episcopal Church in the United States, are not the ordinary pastors of California, which lies outside of their "dioceses," and how can they communicate mission where, confessedly, they have none themselves? An Apostolic Vicar is intelligible; he directly represents the Pope, who is the fountain-head of jurisdiction every where, the pastor of the whole flock; but in a system which denies that any bishop has authority beyond his own diocese, a "missionary bishop" is a wandering, orbitless star, an anomalous and more than cometary orb, whose existence refuses to be classified, and cannot be explained.

We consider this as by no means an unimportant point, for as the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kip comes before us with a work, the drift of which is to show that the "Church of the first three centuries" possesses one certain character and not another, it deserves consideration whether he is *interested* or not in his testimony, and whether the position which is claimed for him on his title page is usurped or valid, self-consistent or the reverse. It cannot be pretended that there was not a regular ecclesiastical jurisdiction

already existing in California before this new would-be *Episcopus aurifodiniensis** went there. We have seen in the papers one of his own letters, describing the ancient and ruined churches and desolate missions of this once flourishing Catholic territory, where the legitimate pastoral authority, now exercised by the apostolic Alemany and Amat, historically ascends to a period when there was not an Episcopalian minister in all North America. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Kip is aware, therefore, fully, that he is an intruder into an ancient Catholic diocese, in which there has never been an interruption of pastors for more than two centuries, and which, at the time of his intrusion into a fold that robbers had already rendered defenceless, was occupied by a resident bishop. It is clear that he can only justify himself by showing that this bishop holds false doctrine, contrary to Christ's revelation: he is bound to *show* that, or, on Anglican principles even, on Episcopalian principles, make them as loose as you like, he is an intruder, a usurper, or, as our Lord says, in plainer language, a "thief and a robber."

This book, the "Catacombs of Rome," contains Dr. Kip's very lame attempt to justify himself; and in looking over it we have been astonished, with all our experience of Anglican effrontery, to see by what a slender thread of misrepresented fact hangs his whole defence. Because he does not find in the inscriptions of the catacombs, any that *may* not be so interpreted as not to directly support the doctrines of purgatory and invocation of saints; because he finds that in those days priests were sometimes married, (he need not have travelled back fifteen hundred years for a fact that exists now in some countries), and that the catacombs contain no crucifixes elaborately carved, no pictures like those of Raphael and Perugino, he infers that the Church of those ages differed essentially in doctrine from the Church of the middle ages and of the present hour!!

Yet see how this writer confounds himself! Suppose that you were to go, reader, into a green cemetery in the neighborhood of one of our cities, and on a stone at the head of one grave should read, "Here lies all that is mortal of Mary Faithful, aged *and-so*. Mary! mayst thou live in God!" On another, "Sacred to the memory of Matthew Hopeful, who died, &c. Matthew! mayst thou rest in peace!" Or, "Sacred to the memory of Aloysius Lovely, aged 18. Sweet Aloysius! mayst thou rest in peace!" What *sect* or *church* should we infer that these people belonged to, especially if a plain cross were carved at the head of the inscription? I trow we would never suspect them to be Episcopalians, nor do I believe an Episcopalian in the land, *unainted with Puseyism*, but would be shocked at these superstitious expressions, as *savoring too much of prayers for the dead*. Yet these are Mr. Kip's (we beg pardon, the *Rt. Rev. Dr. Kip's*) own citations. If you were to read on a tomb-stone now "Requiescat in pace," you would plainly infer that the deceased was a Catholic; and between "requiescat" and "requiescas," between the third person singular and the second, there is not so great a difference as warrants Dr. Kip in inferring an essential difference of faith, and thereupon founding his title to be the bishop of the gold-diggings.

Another point on which Dr. Kip insists with great emphasis, and it is quite characteristic of an *episcopus aurifodiniensis*, is, that in the catacombs we never meet, nor in any monument of that age, with the representation of our *suffering* and *expiring* Lord, now so dear to Catholic piety. "It was the symbol of the triumphant Saviour, of the Divine element in Christ, not of the human, of the glory, not of the humiliation, that the Christians of those first ages cherished." Admitting the fact, (although there are many set-offs against it—such as the perpetual, the incessant use of the cross itself in those times), how unreasonable to deduce from it a difference in doctrine or even in sentiment, from the present times of Catholicity, when it is so easy to offer an explanation? It was natural that those ages should give prominence to the symbols of our glorified Lord, when the *daily life* of Christians was a participation of his sufferings, and as natural as edifying, that when the Church had come forth from the Catacombs, and had clothed herself with glory and triumph, she should raise up and keep before the eyes of

* We are requested to state, for the benefit of the unlearned and ladies, that this signifies "bishop of the gold-diggings"—a kind of episcopacy by no means new among the Anglicans: they have all, if the truth were known, been *episcopi aurifodinienses*—gold-digging bishops.

her children the *symbol* of the *SUFFERINGS* of her Master, to remind them, in the face of a perilous external prosperity, that "by much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of God."

All the arguments of Dr. Kip in this volume to show a difference between the Catholic Church now and the Church of the Catacombs, are of the same shadowy, fanciful character; it being easy in every case, to give an entirely different explanation of the facts. But there are some facts related by him which can in no way be reconciled with his own faith. To prove the existence of *bishops* in that age (your Episcopalian is always strong there) he cites the inscription on a martyred bishop of Rome itself, in which he is termed "Sanctissimus Papa," (most holy Pope) — a term, says Dr. Kip, then applied to all bishops. It may be so, but how is it *proved* by citing it on the tomb of a bishop of Rome? And any way, is not the inscription, whether used of the Roman bishop only, or of all, utterly inconsistent with the genius of a Protestant Church? Let us suppose Dr. Kip himself to sleep in peace, and a tomb-stone set over his place of repose — in the land of gold — how would the Episcopalians visiting the spot from the remote Eastern "dioceses," bear to read, even in letters of solid gold, "*Hic jacet SANCTISSIMUS PAPA Gulielmus I. Kip?*" or in plain English, "*Here lies the most holy Pope, Wm. I. Kip!*" No, that would never do! However ardently the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kip may wish to identify his Church with that of the Catacombs, it would never answer for him to carry the imitation so far. He would be accused of Puseyism, nay, of arrant popery, in the very tomb. It would be in vain for him to urge that such is the inscription on the tomb of a primitive bishop of Rome in the Catacombs; this plea would not be listened to. He would be told that the very epithet "most holy father" was the germ, nay, the full-blown flower of Papal arrogance. Catholics, indeed, might merely smile and be astonished at the lengths to which an absurd consistency can carry even a mild Puseyite, like Dr. Kip; but genuine Protestants would not be so tolerant, and the tomb-stone of the unfortunate missionary bishop would undoubtedly be pounded to pieces some dark night by the *aurifodinium* branch of the most ignorant order of Know Nothings. There is something ridiculous, perhaps, in the approximation. We confess it, and that shows the utter want of identity in feeling between the "Church of the first three centuries," and the Church of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kip: for there is nothing incongruous in the words "Sanctissimus Papa" when applied to our holy Father Pius IX, or when inscribed on the tomb of his predecessor of glorious memory: to the Catholics of that magnificent Christian Rome which Dr. Kip not ill describes, that expression is as natural as it was to the Christians in the Catacombs. But we will not insist upon this, striking, as it is: we will turn to another point, and here again Dr. Kip shall be our witness against himself. He shall prove to us irresistibly that so far from the Church of the first three centuries, as represented in the Catacombs, being like *his* Church, it is most unlike it, and like the "modern Roman," in the most essential point of religion.

If there is one difference between the Catholic Church and the Protestant, between the Church of Rome and the communion of which Dr. Kip is a "missionary bishop" that is thoroughly *distinctive*, it is the doctrine of the mass considered as a *sacrifice*. All the world knows that this is the *essential* difference between the Catholic and Protestant worship. We have a sacrifice, and Protestants deny that there is any such thing now. The Church in which Dr. Kip is a "missionary bishop" more particularly, in its articles affirms that the sacrifice of masses is a "blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit." Now what is the *very first* inscription which the Rt. Rev. Dr. gives us in his book? He takes the trouble to tell us that its date is the persecution in the reign of the second Antonine, or about the year 161.

"GENUA ENIM FLECTENS VERO DEO SA
CRIFICATURUS AD SUPPLICIA DVCTVRO
TEMPORA INFAUSTA QUIBUS INTER SA
CRA ET VOTA NE IN CAVERNIS QVIDEM
SALVARI POSSIMVS."

"For while bending his knees, being about to SACRIFICE to the true God, he was led away to execution. Unhappy times, in which, in the midst of the sacred rites and prayers, not even in caverns, can we be safe!"

This inscription, part of which only is given, is on the tomb of a priest; he was seized in the Catacombs, in the midst of the public rites which he was celebrating, and the inscription informs us that in the faith of the Christians of A. D. 161, those rites consisted in a SACRIFICE, — that to celebrate them was to SACRIFICE to the true God. If Dr. Kip were seized by savage Indians and led away to death under the same circumstances, could the same thing with any propriety be said? — would any one write on his tomb-stone that "*being about to SACRIFICE to the true God*" he was led away to punishment? If a Catholic priest or bishop were so seized and martyred, could one possibly say ANYTHING ELSE?

Dr. Kip appeals to the Catacombs: we accept his witness; we even take the testimony of that witness as reported by himself; his book is open to very severe criticism on other grounds, but we take it as we find it, and himself being reporter, his own chosen witness testifies, that whatever the religion of the primitive Christians was, it was wholly different from *his* religion, and that if there is a religion on earth that it resembles, it is one which believes in a *sanctissimus Papa* — a most Holy Father — and that the Bishop of Rome; which inscribes the tomb-stones of its departed children with symbol *crosses* and *requiescats in pace*; and which, as its sacred public worship, offers SACRIFICE to the true God! If any one chooses to visit California in search of such a communion, he must be blind if he fail to find it; but he must be worse than blind — stark mad — if he finds it among the followers or in the "services" of our friend, the "missionary bishop."

8. A CATECHISM OF SCRIPTURE HISTORY. Compiled by the Sisters of Mercy for the use of the Children attending their Schools. Revised by M. J. Kerney, A. M. First American from the last London Edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 18mo.

We have received from the publishers the sheets of this useful work, which already enjoys, through its English editions, a high reputation. Of the merits of the book itself it would be superfluous to speak, but we may observe that the labors of the American editor appear to have added very considerably to its value. The answers have been simplified and rendered easier for the pupil by subdividing them with additional questions, and from the experience of Mr. Kerney we cannot doubt this has been done with judgment. At all events, we have been extremely pleased in looking over the work, with the clearness and point of the questions and the precision and good style of the answers. The latter is an important point in a school-book. We ought to add that the volume is extremely well printed; as, again, all school-books ought to be.

9. THE NEW TESTAMENT, illuminated after Original Drawings, by W. H. Hewell, Esq. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. having become proprietors of the Illuminated New Testament, have sent us a copy. Our Protestant friends accuse us of neglecting the Bible and opposing its circulation. This edition of the New Testament, filled with illustrations, nearly all of which are creditable and some really beautiful, is a proof that we take some interest in the sacred volume. But this method of showing love to the Scriptures, and attracting the popular mind to their perusal, is indeed peculiarly Catholic; all Europe, the walls of churches, of convents, nay, of palaces and the very bridges and public ways, being adorned with the testimonials of it. This edition of the New Testament, from its possessing in its degree the same charm, is especially suited to inspire the love of holy scripture and of sacred art, above all, in the young, and our humble opinion here is corroborated by the numerous high recommendations prefixed to the work.

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10. **THE HOLY BIBLE**, translated from the Latin Vulgate, &c. With annotations, references, and an historical and chronological Index. Published with the approbation of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Denvir, Bishop of Down and Connor. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 24mo.

A pocket edition of the Holy Bible has been much needed in our country, and we take great pleasure in recommending this as the most compact, portable and cheap edition that we have yet seen.

Our dissenting brethren charge us with prohibiting the circulation of the Sacred Scriptures. For their information we would simply state that this makes eight different editions of the Sacred Volume, varying in size from Haydock's large folio to the present pocket edition, now issued by our respective Catholic publishers in this country, the result of their unaided individual enterprise. In point of elegance of illustration, printing, binding and price, they will compare favorably with the Protestant editions — an evidence that Catholics do not prohibit the Sacred Volume, but, on the contrary, encourage its circulation, by supplying themselves with the most costly and beautiful copies that they can procure.

11. **BROWNSON'S REVIEW**, for July, is, at least, a number that must attract attention. "Uncle Jack and his Nephew" we have always praised, and we find it as good as usual. We do not complain because in adopting the form of an imaginary conversation Mr. Brownson trenches upon the domain of the magazine: we are quite willing to cede him that advantage when he makes so happy a use of it. "Poetry," says Uncle Jack, "is always truth vividly conceived, and expressed in its unity under the form of the beautiful." This is a just and beautiful definition. Hence, to be a great poet, it requires one to be even a greater philosopher, or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, greater than a philosopher. The synthesis of inspiration is a higher thing than the analysis of reflection. "We want men of strong synthetic minds," says Uncle Jack, "who grasp truth in its fundamental principles, and have been accustomed to contemplate it in its living unity, and its several parts in their real, ontological relations to one another, and to it as a whole, — men who think, who comprehend, not merely remember and repeat, — men of free, original, bold and vigorous thought, who by their own mental and spiritual action have made the truth their own, and are able to apply it to the insurgent error as soon as it lifts its head above the wave." That is poetry and philosophy too, and has the rare charm of illustrating what it explains. Uncle Jack observes again, that the positive limits imposed by Catholic faith on human thought, so far from restraining its activity, give it a new and wider range; that, in fact, these supposed limits are only a revelation of the undiscoverable truth, and are, as it were, an extension of the atmosphere, in which reason can breathe the breath of intellectual life and wing its intellectual flight. Without that atmosphere, reason stifles and drops plumb to the earth, like a bird in a vacuum. We cannot follow Uncle Jack in the profounder part of his speculations. He refutes his Nephew's ideas of progress admirably, and states his own triumphantly. However, in estimating the actual progress of the world, Uncle Jack's analysis or synthesis does not always correspond exactly with facts, or, at least, reads them superficially. To say, for instance, that Napoleon III is "equally an autocrat" with the Emperor of Russia, is surely not to observe very obvious differences of fact, Uncle Jack! An autocrat is one who rules in his own name and by his own right — *autocrator* — the godless and boastful title assumed by the Emperors of Constantinople, and copied by those of Russia. The Emperor Peter assumed the title which Nicholas still wears, of "Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias." They assume it formally, and the whole system of the Russian government is founded upon it; so much so, that there is no difference between a law of Russia and an order of the Czar, except that one is a permanent and the other a transient expression of his absolute will. When a man has been tried according to law in Russia, and found guilty, and sentenced according to law, the Czar may and sometimes does add to the punishment at his own pleasure. Now, Napoleon III, by his title, is Emperor of the French "by the grace of God and the NATIONAL WILL;" so that his title of sovereignty formally repudiates autocracy. And although it is true, that by the

constitution the Emperor so far represents the people that he can do almost every thing that the people itself in its collective sovereignty can, yet this formal recognition of the origin of his power is itself a limitation of it, and is a real seed of liberty planted in the imperial title itself. Besides, no Catholic sovereign can be an autocrat in the sense that the Czar is, for the authority of the Church in faith and morals, being essentially independent of him, imposes on him the necessity of governing according to a law which he who obeys can never be an unjust or oppressive ruler; and for our part, we would rather live under an absolute prince who recognized that law, than in a republic that denied it, and that held us bound to obey laws made in contravention of it. All history and right reason itself inform us that there is no real check to the power of the State, whether concentrated in one hand, or diffused among many, but the spiritual authority of the Church, and that wherever that is sincerely recognized, there is liberty in substance; and wherever it is absolutely denied, there is absolute slavery. Can any body really pretend that Louis Napoleon, who said, shortly, to some complaining Gallicans, — "I am of the religion of the POPE!" — is, or can be, as much an autocrat as the Emperor of Russia, where the Church is bound to say — "I am of the religion of the CZAR?" Oh, Uncle Jack, thou art the last person from whom we expected such a sentiment. Only hear Uncle Jack proclaiming on this subject, a little farther on, in the most eloquent terms, the true liberty of man, and demonstrating that there is no other real and effective safeguard of it but that sacred Papal authority which a Nicolas rejects and to which a Louis Napoleon bows. It may be necessary at a critical moment to concentrate political power in the hands of a dictator, in order to save society from the assaults of unscrupulous and un pitying foes; but that matters little, provided we save at the same time that principle of liberty — the spiritual supremacy of the Papacy — from which, as Uncle Jack so triumphantly shows, republican freedom flows in the course of centuries, as surely as the Rhine flows down from its Alpine fountains.

Mr. Brownson has an article on *Native Americanism*, which, we regret to see, is attacked in some quarters with great asperity. This is surely a topic on which every one is entitled to express an opinion, and the liberty of speech is worth little, if we only allow it in those cases where we agree with the speaker. No Protestant reviewer or editor dares to publish an unpopular sentiment, but we trust that Catholic editors are in a nobler position of mental independence. There is a great deal of what Mr. Brownson says in this article that will find a warm response in every true American heart, whether native or adopted, and the manly courage with which he puts it forth must win the admiration of all. For our own part, we are a Native American, of the purest blood and of at least seven generations. We are obliged to go back more than two hundred years to find an ancestor *not* born on the soil of America, and the first of our progenitors who came over found nothing but Indians in the famous commonwealth of which they assisted in laying the foundations. We own then to a very strong and proud feeling of American nationality. Mr. Brownson deserves our thanks for his vindication of this feeling, which in its purity is not a pride of Anglo-Saxon race, (far from it!) but of Americanism: it ought not to be called pride — but love — of country; its true basis is humble gratitude, which, without exalting either ourselves or our immediate ancestors as being the people with whom wisdom will die, looks around on our hills and prairies, and then to heaven above us, and exclaims: — "This is the LAND which God gave to our fathers!"

But — unfortunate *but* — we cannot subscribe to the doctrine of Mr. Brownson, that adopted citizens (with the solitary exception made by the constitution) are in a position of inferiority here, of any sort. We do not think that naturalization is a "boon:" — it is a concession, founded on considerations of policy and natural equity. We want, or at least we wanted emigrants. We wanted their labor, their skill, nay, their life's blood in our army and navy. We have conquered the wilderness and defended our territory and our flag by the aid of their legions, equally industrious and brave. We have imposed onerous conditions for this so-called boon — taxes, jury-duty, military service. They are, then, as much citizens as we are, who are native

of the soil; their title is different, but every whit as good as ours. Besides, America is no longer what it was. We have annexed hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory already inhabited by men who certainly are not of Anglo-Saxon blood, and have converted the inhabitants into *native* citizens of the United States. After that, it is too late to pretend that "Anglo-Saxons" have an exclusive title to American nationality. A naturalized Irishman has as good a title certainly to that proud possession, as a Louisianian born a subject of France, or a Mexican, of Spain. Anglo-Saxondom has become local in America. What the Dutch are in New York, what the French are in Louisiana, what the Spaniards are in Florida, that the men of English descent are in New England and in some of the Southern States, descendants of the original settlers, with a right to be proud of that origin — no more. We want here a little more of Uncle Jack's "synthesis." We must not analyze American nationality into its constituent elements, but "contemplate it as a living unity." Native Americanism as a political watchword is a sign of disunion, a negation of nationality, a symbol of political heresy; — the "synthesis" of the constitution, Uncle Jack, recognizes no such element of revolt; it regards the nation as *one*, and all citizens as equal.

And what the constitution says, that says piety. God gave this land to the emigrant of to-day as well as to the emigrant of yesterday. And besides, if (as we believe) it be Catholicism that can alone preserve nationality, that can alone bestow upon a country the charm that captivates the affections, it is no paradox to say that we owe our nationality, at least that which makes it most sacred and dear to the race which brought hither Catholicity as the immense element of national existence that it now is, which is consecrating our soil with temples for the living, and blessed resting-places for the dead, which is ennobling it with the institutions, and rendering it poetic with the structures and monuments of Catholic piety. If the Almighty had not brought Ireland to America, the American convert, like Mr. Brownson or ourself, would have been obliged to go to Ireland, to find a country where his language was spoken and his faith could respire.

12. **DIELMAN'S MASS FOR THREE VOICES.** Balt.: G. Willig, Jr. — Murphy & Co. pp. 24.

We are much pleased to announce the appearance of this composition from the pen of Henry Dielman, Musical Doctor, which we have received through the politeness of the publishers. Although he has devoted himself, for several years past, to the duties of a professorship in Mt. St. Mary's College, near Emmitsburg, he is extensively known in the musical world, as a gentleman endowed with the highest order of genius in his particular sphere, and possessing rare accomplishments as an artist. The numerous and intelligent audiences that have graced the academic halls of the Mountain, on days of commencement, have greeted with unbounded applause the beautiful productions of his musical pen, while the faithful congregated in the temple of God, have listened with equal admiration to the dignified and expressive melody in which he clothed the religious chant. Few, however, of Professor Dielman's compositions have as yet been published, and it will therefore be gratifying to the lovers of the art, and to the friends of sacred song in particular, to learn that our musical literature has been enriched by a mass from so gifted a composer. It is in the key of F; is designed for three voices, a soprano, alto and bass; is of very moderate length, and combines simplicity of notation with beauty of melody; so that it is adapted to any choir. A *Veni Creator* has been included in the work, with an organ accompaniment for the whole chant. A mass of this description was a great desideratum amongst us, for there are very few indeed, which unite all the above mentioned characteristics. The mass before us, though intended chiefly for choirs of modest pretensions, which are by far the most numerous, will be very acceptable in a higher sphere: for, while the whole composition evinces beauty, originality, and the German solidity of thought, there are some passages in it worthy of a Haydn, a Mozart, or a Beethoven. We hope that Prof. Dielman will continue to favor us with his musical productions, which we understand, are numerous. A talent like his should not remain under the bushel. The work before us shows, that he is capable of doing much for the improvement of our religious music, a field which has not yet, to any extent, been very successfully cultivated.

Record of Events.

From June 15, to July 15, 1854.

I. AFFAIRS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

WE have to notice abroad perhaps chiefly, the maturity of the proceedings concerning the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception, and the opening of the Catholic University of Ireland: at home, more anti-Catholic riots and the anniversaries of our educational institutions.

ROME: 1. *The Forty Martyrs*. — 2. *The Immaculate Conception*. — 3. *Miraculous Picture at Civitá Vecchia*. — 4. *Death of Cardinal Fornari*. — 5. *The Bishop of Boston*.

1. A decree of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, May 11th, grants to the Society of Jesus the re-integration of the cultus of the venerable servant of God, Ignatius de Azevedo and his thirty-nine companions, Martyrs of the Society. Ignatius de Azevedo was of a noble family in Portugal and entered the Society at an early age. "He asked permission of St. Francis de Borgia, General of the Order, to recruit among the Society a certain number of Apostolic laborers to go and carry the faith among the barbarous and infidel nations. Sixty-nine Jesuits responded to his appeal, and in the month of June, 1570, they embarked from Lisbon in three ships. Ignatius had with him in the vessel on board of which he was thirty-nine of his brethren; at the end of some days the little Apostolical army touched at Madeira. There its chief was warned in a vision that he would soon receive the palm of martyrdom with his thirty-nine companions. Informed of the danger which menaced them, all, with the exception of four novices, wished to go and gather this glorious palm. The four novices having been replaced by an equal number taken from the other ships, the forty soldiers of Jesus Christ set sail.

"A second warning from Heaven delayed not to acquaint them that the danger was at hand, and, in fact, whilst they were indulging in a sweet conversation on the blessedness and glory of martyrdom, five large vessels with Huguenots on board came in sight and began to pursue them. Ignatius had the glory of dying first by a blow of a sword, which cut open his skull. Thirty-eight of his companions died like himself by the sword, by the lance, or under blows of cords loaded with lead. One only, the brother cook, was spared by the butchers; but the vision was to be fulfilled, and forty martyrs were to ascend to heaven. A young gentleman, who had not yet entered the Society, but who had earnestly asked to be admitted into it, seeing the invincible courage and consistency of the defenders of the faith, put on the habit of the Society in order to pass for one of its members, and waited to be slain with the rest, and like them to be thrown into the sea. This took place in July, 1570, and was soon noised abroad throughout the world. A devotion sprang up towards these confessors of the faith, and their festival was celebrated at Rome every year with the express permission of Gregory XV. In 1625 the *cultus* was discontinued, as the Fathers of the Society believed it was effected by a decree of Urban VIII against the *cultus* of non-beatified or non-canonised servants of God, but a process of beatification was commenced, and a decree on the martyrdom and its causes issued in 1742 by Benedict XIV. The troubles of the sixteenth century checked these proceedings, which, however, were resumed in recent years, and, after various steps, the re-integration of the *cultus* is now granted."

2. On the 27th of May took place the full conclave, under the presidency of Cardinal Macchi, Dean of the Sacred College, with reference to the great question of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. A commission of theologians, under the presidency of Cardinal Fornari, was appointed nearly two years ago by the Holy

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Father, with instructions to examine the possibility and opportuneness of a dogmatical declaration on this point. That commission has now arrived at the close of its task, and the question approaches fast to a solution. The decision is expected with an almost inconceivable interest by the faithful, and it is well known that there is an extensive association of prayers for a speedy definition of this now pious belief.

3. The following from the *Ordine di Malta*, is confirmed by numerous and veracious eye-witnesses:

"We are informed that at Civita Vecchia an extraordinary and interesting event has taken place in the church of the Minor Conventualists. Our informant, a respectable ecclesiastic, and a person most worthy of credit, writes that he was an eye-witness of the fact.

"On the 20th of April, 1854, at about four in the afternoon, several children being assembled by the parish priest for their first Communion, five of them, after having made their holy Confession, repaired to the chapel of S. Antonio di Padova, to return thanks. On the right side of the statue of the saint was suspended a painting on canvas, about three palms in height, representing the figure of the most Holy Virgin, with the eyes uplifted to heaven, and the hands joined in the act of prayer. Two of the children placed themselves before it to pray, and while their eyes were fixed upon the holy figure they exclaimed in alarm, 'The Madonna is looking at us and moves her eyes.' The other three ran up, and, wonderful to state, believed the same. So lively were their sensations and internal commotions, that one of them prostrated himself on his face on the ground, two ran crying and trembling to inform the parish priest, the others to make their parents acquainted with the circumstance. A pious woman, who was praying in the chapel, hastened to the spot at the cry of the children, and she also saw the prodigy. Immediately the chapel was filled with people, the picture was removed from the wall and placed on the altar, candles were lighted, prayers were loudly vociferated, and the Holy Virgin repeated the prodigy, and moved her divine eyes, although not all present had the consolation to observe the movement. This was the commencement of the affecting prodigy. The Most Holy Mother has continued to move her eyes, sometimes towards one, sometimes towards another, and sometimes towards many together, and still continues to do so up to the present day (18th May). The most frequent movement of the holy eyes is to look up and look down, but very often she moves them horizontally or directs them towards the bystanders. His Eminence the Cardinal Bishop Lambruschini (now of illustrious memory) ordered that a canonical process should be commenced, in consequence of which, on the 26th of the same month of April, the ecclesiastical authorities assembled some persons skilled in the art of painting and in the anatomy of the eye, and in the presence of many respectable persons of the city proceeded to a formal inspection of the holy picture. This prodigy is certified by an immense number of persons of every class and of every age. The chapel has become a most devout sanctuary. The Most Reverend Chapter of the cathedral, with the suffragan Bishop at its head, went in procession to worship the holy picture, and was followed by the Chapter of the neighboring Tolfa; the pious secular confraternities, and the religious bodies of the reverend Dominican, Capuchin, and Doctrinary Fathers of Civita Vecchia, and an immense concourse of devotees, crowd during the day and until late at night to the holy place, to implore for grace. In this manner the Mother of our Lord exhibits her mercy, and shows herself visibly propitious by means of this holy picture to the people of God."

4. June 15, His Eminence Cardinal Fornari (above mentioned) died of fever, after a few hours illness. He was for several years Nuncio at Brussels and Paris. He was Prefect of the Congregation of Studies. He was born at Rome, of humble parentage, on the 23d January, 1788, and was consequently in the 67th year of his age. He was created Cardinal *in pectore* in 1846 and proclaimed in 1850. The Pope, the Sacred College, the Prelacy, and Municipality assisted at his funeral, which took place on the 19th: the Holy Father gave the last absolution. Three cardinals to whom the Nunciature of Paris had been the step to the cardinalate, lately lived in Rome, two of whom have died within a few weeks of each other, Lambruschini and Fornari. The third is the venerable Cardinal Macchi, Dean of the Sacred College. Cardinal Fornari numbered among his pupils more than sixty bishops and several cardinals. He was an affectionate and zealous protector of the Society of Vincent de Paul. — *Univers*.

5. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick has been named by the Holy Father a Prelate Assistant of the Pontifical throne. The Rt. Rev. Prelate was to leave Rome on the 30th of June.

FRANCE. — 1. Ordination. — 2. The American Bonapartes.

1. The usual Pentecostal ordination took place in NOTRE DAME (Paris) on the 17th of June. Two hundred and fifty were ordained, of whom thirty were priests, deacons and subdeacons, all being students of various seminaries in Paris. The minor orders were conferred by Mgr. Baudichian, Bishop of Basile; the sacred orders by Mgr. the Archbishop of Paris. The following Irish and American names are taken with the above intelligence from the correspondent of the *Catholic Mirror*:

"PRIESTS. — Rev. T. Healy, (1) Boston, U. S. America. Rev. P. Corkery, (2) Limerick, Ireland.

DEACONS. — Rev. S. Bender, (1) Cincinnati, U. S. America. Rev. T. Reid, (1) Cork, Ireland. Rev. J. O'Kelly, (2) Limerick, Ireland. Rev. M. Scully, (2) Kerry, Ireland.

SUBDEACONS. — Rev. T. Barry, (1) Cloyne, Ireland. Rev. C. Prendergast, (1) U. S. America. Rev. G. Harrold, (2) Dublin, Ireland. Rev. J. Burke, (2) Kerry, Ireland. Rev. P. O'Heany, (2) Tuam, Ireland. Rev. R. Sinnot (2) Ferns, Ireland. Rev. J. O. Gorman, (2) Waterford, Ireland. Rev. A. Griffin, (2) Kerry, Ireland.

FOUR MINOR ORDERS. — Mr. P. O'Sullivan, (1) Cork, Ireland. Mr. R. Clapper-ton, Scotland. Mr. M. O. Mahony, (2) Cloyne, Ireland. Mr. D. Walsh (2) Cloyne, Ireland. Mr. T. Smith (2) Kilmore, Ireland. Mr. J. Malone, (2) Kilalla, Ireland. Mr. B. M'Monagle, (2) Raphoe, Ireland. Mr. J. Quaid, (2) Limerick, Ireland. Mr. J. Doran, (2) Ferns, Ireland. Mr. J. Hayes, (2) Killaloe, Ireland. Mr. J. Murphy, (2) Cork, Ireland.

(1). Students of St. Sulpice. (2). Students of the Irish College.

2. MM. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, father and son, have arrived in Paris from the United States. They are the son and grandson of H. I. H. Prince Jerome, ex-king of Westphalia, by his marriage with Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, which marriage, it will be remembered, the Emperor Napoleon annulled, but the Pope refused to recognize the divorce. These gentlemen, are, therefore, legitimate members of the Bonaparte family, although, in a civil sense, not princes of France. It is understood that they were immediately presented to the Emperor, their cousin, and offered apartments in the Palais Royal by Prince Jerome, which they declined. They dined afterwards at St. Cloud with their Majesties, and it is said that the younger, Lieutenant Jerome Bonaparte, of the U. S. Mounted Rifles, has been offered a commission in the French army by the Emperor. It is an extraordinary circumstance that a simple Lieutenant Bonaparte (yet a legitimate nephew of Napoleon) should make his appearance in this manner in the imperial circle—a living proof of the conflict between the dynasty of Napoleon and the Church.

SWITZERLAND. — The bishop of Lausanne and Geneva has restored (4th April) the Roman Liturgy in his diocese, to take effect on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul. It is stated that the council of State is opposed to the execution of this mandate, but whether this be so or not, it is out of their power to resist it.

BADEN. — In consequence, it is said, of the interference of Austria, the archbishop of Freiburg is again set at liberty.

ENGLAND. — 1. Synod of Westminster.

1. On Tuesday, June 20th, the First Diocesan Synod of Westminster took place at St. Mary's, Moorfields, London—being the first synod celebrated in the metropolis since the revolt of the sixteenth century. There are more than a hundred priests of the diocese of Westminster, nearly all of whom were present, the eldest having been ordained in a private room, fifty years before. He has lived to witness the restoration of the Hierarchy, presided over by a cardinal of the holy Roman Church, and such altered circumstances as permit the most public ordinations and consecrations, the Church being also able to resume her synodical functions. — *Tablet*.

IRELAND: The Catholic University of Ireland.

The National Synod of the Archbishops and Bishops with reference to the inauguration of this great national institution, was held on Thursday, May 18, and the following days, under the presidency of the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin

and Apostolic Delegate, at the Presbytery in Marlborough st., Dublin, near the Metropolitan Church. All the Bishops of Ireland (except the Rt. Rev. Dr. Keane, of Ross, who was in Rome) were present, either in person or by their representatives. Following the pattern of the Belgian Bishops, twenty years previous, in the erection of the University of Louvain, their Lordships, after recording their past nomination, made by the University Committee, and already confirmed by His Holiness, of the Very Rev. Dr. John Henry Newman, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, to be Rector of the University, proceeded to commit to him the execution of this great work, under their control and sanction, and with an annual meeting to receive the Rector's report. They then elected the Very Rev. Dr. Leahy, President of the College of Thurles, Vice-Rector.

On Whitsunday, June 4th, the Very Rev. Dr. Newman made his solemn profession of faith in the hands of his Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, in the Metropolitan Cathedral, Marlborough st. An immense crowd, including nearly all the Catholic gentry of Dublin and its vicinity, were assembled long before the hour. At 12 o'clock, precisely, the procession of dignitaries and clergy entered the sanctuary. The ceremonies commenced with a grand pontifical high mass, celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Antigua in *partibus*, and Coadjutor of Kerry. At its conclusion, His Grace, the Archbishop, assuming his mitre and crosier, proceeded to a moveable throne placed on the platform of the Altar, and *Veni Creator* was sung all kneeling. At the conclusion of this hymn, the Archbishop took his seat on the throne, and the Very Rev. Dr. Newman, attended by two deacons, advanced, ascended the altar, and knelt in front of the Archbishop. Two Deacons assistant then approached, holding an open book, with the form of the oath, which they held open before Dr. Newman, who, in a clear and firm voice, made his profession of faith. This impressive act concluded, His Grace delivered a discourse on the mission of the Church as a mission of knowledge and enlightenment, ending with the following exhortation to the Very Rev. Rector:

"And you, Very Rev. Father, to whom the execution of so great a work is committed by the Church of Ireland, allow me to exhort you to meet the difficulties and trials which you shall have to encounter with courage and determination. You shall have with you the blessing of the successor of Saint Peter, the sanction and co-operation of the Church of Ireland, and the fervent prayers of the Faithful—all difficulties will gradually vanish, and a fair and open field will be presented to you for your labors. Teach the youth committed to your care to cultivate every branch of learning—to scan the depths of every science—to explore the mysteries of every art; encourage the development of talent and the flight of genius, but check the growth of error, and be a firm bulwark against every thing that would be prejudicial to the interests of religion and the doctrines of the Holy Catholic Church. In all circumstances, and at all times, let it be your care to infuse a strong Catholic spirit—a true spirit of religion into the tender minds of youth; make them understand the value of that element, of that *aroma scientiarum*, without which the sciences only corrupt the heart and spread baneful influences around them. In this way your labors will tend to restore the ancient glories of this land of saints—you will enrich the state with obedient, faithful, and useful subjects, and give to the Church devoted and enlightened children. Your praises shall be in all the churches, and an imperishable crown prepared for you in Heaven. May the Holy Spirit, who on this day descended on the Apostles, descend on all here present, purify our hearts, and give us that true wisdom whose beginning is the fear of the Lord, and which is necessary to guide us in working our eternal salvation."

These solemn proceedings were fitly terminated by the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

The following is the official programme published in the new *Catholic University Gazette*:

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY HOUSE, May 26th, 1854.

1. The University Session of each year will consist of three terms; the first, before Christmas; the second between Christmas and Easter; the third, after Easter; extending with the Christmas and Easter holidays, through thirty-eight weeks.

2. The normal age of admission to the University will be considered to be sixteen.

3. A first examination in the elements of Latin and Greek grammar, of mathematics, &c., (as explained below), will take place at entrance, when the candidate will be formally admitted as a student of the University; and a second, at the end of two years of residence, on passing which he will receive the title of Scholar of the University.

4. The subjects of study during these two years will be the classics, modern languages, geometry, algebra, logic, geography, chronology, and Ancient, Irish, and English history.

5. After passing his examination, the scholar, being then eighteen years of age, will be able to retire from the University, if his destination requires it; or he will pass into the schools of medicine, of civil engineering, and of other material and physical sciences;

or he will continue his studies in arts for another two years, at the end of which, being twenty years of age, he will undergo a third examination issuing in the degree of B. A. The M. A.'s course will follow.

6. The subjects of study during the second two years (between eighteen and twenty), will consist of modern history, political economy, ethics, metaphysics, analytical mathematics, the principles of law, the elements of astronomy and chemistry. A prosecution of classical studies will constitute a dispensation from some of these.

7. The examinations, placed at the end of two and four years of residence, will be regulated by the subjects of the lectures which have been attended in those two courses respectively.

TO CANDIDATES FOR ADMISSION.

1. It is proposed to open the classical and mathematical schools of the University on the Feast of St. Malachi next, Friday, November 3d.

2. The schools of medicine, of civil engineering, and of other material and physical sciences, will be opened at the same time, or as soon after as possible.

3. The entrance examination will take place at the time when the student presents himself for residence, which will be ordinarily at the commencement of the session.

4. The subjects of that examination will consist of Latin and Greek construing and parsing, one classical work in each language being presented by the candidate for the purpose; translation into Latin; general knowledge of Greek and Roman history; the elements of geography; the first book of Euclid's elements; arithmetic; and the matter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and of any approved catechism.

5. Students of the University will be located in lodging-houses under the superintendence of a Dean; and all the necessary expenses (exclusive of grocery and washing) may be calculated at from £40 to £50 for the session. Exceptions will be made, as cases occur, in favor of those who have the opportunity of living at home or with private persons.

6. Students who are desirous of availing themselves of only the second course in arts—viz: that between the normal ages of eighteen and twenty, may, on producing testimonials of residence and good conduct for two years in an approved college, present themselves at once for the second examination, and proceed to the degree of B. A. at the end of two years.

7. It is earnestly requested that candidates for admission, whether in November or after Christmas, will send in their names to the Vice-Rector (College, Thurles, or University House, Stephen's-green, Dublin), as soon as possible, in order that the necessary accommodation may be provided for them.

The Catholic University Gazette is a new weekly paper edited by the Very Rev. Dr. Newman, which is to be the organ of the great institution thus founded. No number has yet reached us, but by the quotations in our English files, its contents appear to be of the deepest interest. The number for June 29th contains the following list of appointments *ad interim*.

"Dogmatic Theology.—The Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, D. D., S. J., late Dogmatic Professor at Maynooth College.

"Exegetes.—The Very Rev. P. Leahy, D. D., Vice-Rector of the University, Vicar-General of Cashel, and President of Thurles College.

"Archæology and Irish History.—Eugene Curry, Esq.

"The Philosophy of History.—T. W. Allies, Esq., late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford.

"Poetry.—D. F. McCarthy, Esq."

Two exhibitions will be given away in November next by *concursus*, for the highest proficiency, one in classics, the other in mathematics. They will be open for competition to all natives of Ireland, who bring a testimonial of good conduct from any approved school or college.—His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman has presented the University House with a fine portrait in oil of His Holiness, which he has lately brought from Rome.

TURKEY.—1. *The Christians in Turkey*.—2. *The Armenians*.

We clip the following from one of our exchanges:

1. "*The Christians in Turkey*. A correspondent of the *Independence Belge* writes:—The French and English governments, while giving their aid to Turkey, have determined to require large concessions in favor of the Christians. They will insist upon the frank and complete carrying out of the Gulhane charter. The taxes will hereafter be levied equally upon all subjects of the Ottoman empire, without reference to their religion. The *Itizams*, that pernicious institution which gives to the highest bidder the privilege of collecting the taxes, will be abolished. Every man will be free to practise his religious worship as he pleases. Churches and monasteries now in ruins may be reconstructed. The Christians will be allowed to possess books and other things necessary for their worship, without being forced to submit them to censors who generally

keep them. They will also be at liberty to carry their dead to the grave in their own arms, and not upon the backs of asses, as is yet practised in some parts of the empire."

2. "*The Eastern Schism.* The last news from Constantinople is exceedingly important. Our correspondent informs us that Prince Leon, of Armenia, is expected at Rome, where he is to negotiate with the Pope the reconciliation of the Eastern Church with that of Rome. This affair conducted by one of the principal personages of the Eastern Church, cannot but have, we are told, a favorable result in present circumstances. Our correspondent adds, that Prince Leon, lawful heir and direct descendant of the reigning families of Armenia, is young and ardent, a man of talent and spirit, and he has no doubt that the Prince will easily remove any difficulties which might stand in the way of the union of the two Churches, already so little separated from each other. Their amalgamation, eminently useful to the interests of the Christians of the East in a religious point of view, would be, besides, one of the most important events of the present period."

CANADA.—The Catholic church in Coburg, W. C., was burnt on the 20th June: it is said to have been the work of incendiaries. A meeting of Protestants was held in the Town Hall to denounce this disgraceful act.—Political affairs in Canada absorb a good deal of attention. The strife of races and religions becomes more exciting from the circumstance that the parties are more evenly balanced than here, and the issue is more clearly pronounced. The extension of the franchise which has not yet become a law, but waits only the confirmation of the legislature to do so, has been postponed by an abrupt dissolution of the Parliament, which is loudly complained of by the patriotic party. Its effect would have been to augment the Catholic vote and influence. The other questions impending are the school question, and that of the clergy reserves, which the ministry propose to secularize for municipal purposes. The Catholics oppose this measure as quasi-sacrilegious, as opening the way to the suppression of the tithes in the Lower Province (from which the Catholic Church draws its chief support), and as tending to give a new advantage in the Upper Province to the *Protestant State schools* over the separate Catholic schools, already in a condition of an unjust inferiority. In fact the measure is regarded as a design to confiscate (ultimately) all Church property for the endowment of socialism in the most specious of its disguises:—as an attack on the *principle* of the independence of religion and the liberty of instruction; that principle, really one, though capable of being viewed under two aspects, for which everywhere the Church is contending with the infidel State.

UNITED STATES: 1. *Excommunication of the Trustees of St. Louis' Church, Buffalo.*—2. *Blessing a Bell.*—3. *Riots.*—4. *Ordinations.*—5. *Receptions.*—6. *Churches.*—7. *Colleges.*—8. *Ladies' Academies.*

1. In the last Metropolitan (July) we inserted a letter of Bishop Timon, announcing the decision of the Sacred Congregation in regard to the affairs of St. Louis church. The trustees replied to this letter, full of sweetness and dignity, by the following (in the words of the Catholic Miscellany) "*impertinent and irreligious effusion,*" in which the endorsement by a sneering paragraph of the impudent calumnies against Monsignor Bedini will not escape notice:

"BUFFALO, June 19, 1854.

"*Mr. Editor.*—In your paper of the 5th inst., we have read an article purporting to have been written by Cardinal Fransoni, Prefect of the propaganda in Rome, as also the remarks made by Bishop Timon on the affairs of St. Louis church, which are so construed as to induce the public in general to think, and even to bring them to believe, that the congregation of St. Louis church have now by the decision had in Rome on the subject, yielded to the demands made to her by the Bishop, thereby destroying the act of incorporation of said church, by submitting to be governed in temporal matters in conformity with the rule adopted by the Seventh Provincial Council of Bishops, held at Baltimore in 1849, which reads as follows:

"ART. IV.—The Fathers ordain, that all churches, and all other Ecclesiastical property, which have been acquired by donations or the offerings of the Faithful, for religious or charitable use, belong to the bishop of the diocese; unless it shall be made to appear, and be confirmed by writings, that it was granted to some religious order of monks, or to some congregation of priests for their use."

"We admit that the made report by Archbishop Bedini of his mission in the United States has been sanctioned by the propaganda in Rome, as being in accordance with the rule and statute of the Catholic Church; and also that *all the transactions of the same prelate* while Governor of Bologna, were sanctioned by the same college. But to prevent any kind of misconception on the part of the public, as to our having yielded, we take the liberty to state, that there is no design whatever on the part of the congrega-

tion, to accede to the demands made by the Bishop, nor to submit to be governed in temporal matters, according to the said Art. IV.; though many not being thoroughly acquainted with our position, may think it a *very critical one*. Our opinion is, that temporalities have nothing at all to do with spiritualities, and have nothing with which to reproach ourselves, we not having been the aggressors in this affair, we beg leave to state that there is not the least foundation for the belief that the congregation of St. Louis church will ever yield to the request made to her, having resolved to remain in the situation in which she now is, until it shall please the Bishop to provide her with a good priest, thereby causing that peace which once existed, and which is now so very much needed for the *propagation of our holy religion*, to be restored."

The Bishop has hereupon issued the following sentence of excommunication against the said trustees:

"Whereas, the so-called Trustees of St. Louis church, though frequently warned of their un-Catholic proceedings, and duly notified of impending excommunication, cease not their usurpations against church law and discipline; and whereas the National Council, held at Baltimore, in 1852, declares that all who do what said Trustees have long been doing, are, by the very fact under the sentence of excommunication, pronounced by the Holy Council of Trent against such transgressors of church discipline; and whereas the said Trustees did themselves appeal to Rome, and the Holy See send a Nuncio to decide their case, who judged and decided that the Trustees were wrong; that the Bishop was right, and that "he could not have acted otherwise than he did." Whereas, then, the Nuncio exhorted the refractory and the Trustees to obey their Bishop; and said—"The congregation of St. Louis church, by adopting the course indicated, which alone is just and indispensable, will give a noble proof of faith and charity. But if they refuse, I can only see in them persons faithless to their duties, who can never be received as obedient sons of the church of God." The learned Nuncio ending his mission by those words of his last letter to the Trustees: "Now, then, it becomes my duty to say that your answer is truly painful, especially to an envoy of the Holy Father, to whom you referred your case. The sad conviction forces itself on me that you disregard altogether Catholic principles, consequently that if you persist, it only remains for me to deplore the sad position in which you placed yourselves in the face of the church; but the responsibility of this rests on yourselves." The same learned and pious Nuncio, writing to the Bishop, says of the Trustees and of their abettors: "I consider them as not being Catholic at heart, and, Rt. Rev. Sir, should your Episcopal ministry inspire you to declare so, in order that good Catholics may know who are their brethren, and who are not, and that those who are now led astray may no longer be deceived as to right or participation in the benedictions and benefits of the Catholic Church, I leave it to your discretion, and to your holy inspirations." Finally, whereas the Holy See has since approved the judgment of the Nuncio, though sad and reluctant, the Bishop is bound to fulfil his duty. Alas! an article which the Trustees have just published in the public papers, boasting amidst many untruths of their determination never to comply with the decision of the Holy Father, renders this sad duty more imperative. I then declare the said trustees of St. Louis church in Buffalo, to wit: Messrs. Martin Roth, Alexander Allenbrand, Michael Mesmer, Jacob Wilhelm, George Fisher, Nicolaus Ottenot, J. P. Munschauer, to be excommunicated with the major or greater excommunication, and, through the authority given to His church by the Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I do hereby, then, excommunicate them; declaring further, that all who may henceforward accept the office of Trustee in St. Louis church, to continue the present unholy opposition to church discipline, will, ipso facto, that is, by the very fact, incur the same major excommunication.

"Pray for their conversion, that they may return to Catholic unity, and that their souls may be saved in the day of judgment.

"Given in the feast of the Octave of Corpus Christi, 22d June, 1854, from our residence in Buffalo.
 † JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo."

2. Sunday, July 2, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore blessed the new bell of St. Patrick's Church, in this city. It weighs 1,299 lbs., and is of the key of F. It was raised to its place on Monday, and was rung for the first time on the Fourth.

3. On the 4th of July, the Catholic Church at Dorchester, Mass., in process of erection, was blown up with gunpowder, by individuals as yet unknown. The citizens called a meeting, at which strong resolutions were passed reprobating the act, and appointing a committee of investigation. — On the 4th and 5th, Angel Gabriel Orr preached at Bath, Me., in consequence of which a mob of several hundred persons proceeded to the Catholic church, broke in the doors and windows, demolished the pews, rang the bell, tore down the cross, and finally set fire to the building, and totally destroyed it. After this the mob paraded the streets in triumph: no arrests were made. — On the night of the 3d, and morning of the 4th, a "Know Nothing" riot occurred at Manchester, N. H. About 500 armed men attacked the Irish quarter of the town, expelled the

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peaceable inhabitants from their houses, gutted the latter and destroyed the furniture. An attack was made on the Catholic Church, but was foiled by the police, headed by the Mayor; however, the church was damaged, the stained glass windows being broken. John H. Maynard, Esq., residing near the church, and Mr. Hill, the Marshal, exerted themselves with effect to disperse the crowd.

4. Ordinations.

DIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS. June 22, Octave of Corpus Christi, in the Chapel of the Ursuline Convent, by the Most Rev. Abp. BLANC. The sacred order of priesthood — the Rev. M. Auguste Chambost, native of the Diocese of Lyons, now united to that of New Orleans.

DIOCESE OF HARTFORD. June 11, in the Cathedral of Providence, by the Rt. Rev. Bp. O'REILLY. Priesthood — Rev. MM. Michael McCabe, Wm. Duffy and Peter Cody; all from St. Mary's Seminary, at Baltimore.

5. Religious Receptions.

On Sunday, June 25, Theodore Loboniller (in religion, brother Bernardus) was received as a novice at the Passionist Monastery, in Birmingham, Pa., being the first to receive the habit of Blessed Paul of the Cross in the United States. [*Pittsburg Catholic*]. June 23, at the Convent of the Visitation, Washington, D. C., Miss Augusta Scott received the religious habit in the rank of choir sister, and the name of Sister Mary Stanislaus, the Rev. B. A. Maguire presiding, assisted by the Rev. Father Charlier. — July 2, Convent of the Visitation, Baltimore, Sister Mary Christine (Prevost) was admitted to the religious profession, by the Rev. Father Ward, of Loyola College, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Flaut.

6. Churches.

DIOCESE OF HARTFORD. — Sunday, 25th June, St. Patrick's Church, at Fairfield, Conn., was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Bp. O'REILLY. It is a frame church, accommodating about 500 persons. The Rev. Mr. Reilly, of Norwalk, was the celebrant; the Rev. Mr. Lynch, of Derby, deacon; Rev. Mr. Kennedy, of Prospect, Halifax, sub-deacon; the Rev. Mr. Gorman, master of ceremonies. The Bishop preached the sermon. — **DIOCESE OF ALBANY.** Sunday, July 9, St. John's Church, Schenectady, N. Y., was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Bp. McClosky, who preached the sermon. The Rev. Dr. Donnelly (the Irish University delegate) was the celebrant; Rev. Mr. Cassidy (Cathedral, BROOKLYN) deacon; Rev. Mr. McShane (Saratoga Springs) sub-deacon. The building is the Grecian style, with a fine tower and spire. — **DIOCESE OF CHARLESTON.** On Whitsunday, at Chester, S. C., the Church of St. Joseph, Spouse of the Mother of God, was dedicated by the Rev. J. J. O'Connell. — **DIOCESE OF NEWARK.** Sunday, June 18th, the corner-stone of St. James' Church, Newark, N. J., was laid by the Rt. Rev. Bp. BAILEY. The site is one of the most beautiful in the city. — **DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.** Sunday, 25th June, the corner-stone for a new Catholic church, in the town of Fremont, Schuylkill county, Pa., was laid by the Rev. Mr. Eagle, pastor of Bear Gap, and the Rev. Mr. Malone, of Minersville. There was perfect harmony on the occasion, and "the leading Protestants assisted in raising the collection." [*Instructor*]. — Sunday, July 2, the corner-stone for a new church, under the patronage of Our Lady, Help of Christians, was laid at Lykenstown (Bear Gap), Dauphin county, Pa., by the Rev. Mr. Eagle, pastor. The Rev. Mr. Filan delivered the address.

7. Colleges.

St. Mary's College, Wilmington, Del., celebrated its commencement on the 29th June. The drawings are spoken of in high terms, and the orations and dialogue appear to have afforded great satisfaction. A young Baltimorean, Mr. B. Lavender, delivered an oration on Napoleon, that was warmly applauded. Mr. Ed. Kelly, of Pa., gave the valedictory. The Rev. Mr. Kelly, of Jersey City, distributed the prizes.

The College of St. Thomas of Villanova, Delaware Co., Pa., under the care of the Augustinians, held its commencement on Wednesday, 28th of June. Hundreds of the citizens of Philadelphia made their rendezvous that day "the refreshing verdure and pure air of Villanova," the beautiful grounds of which have been greatly improved during the past year. The music, orations, &c., are said to have afforded an unusually high treat; and the Very Rev. Dr. McCarron, of New York, made an address to the students, which, if we may judge of it by the report, must have been excellent, and was received with hearty plaudits.

The annual examination and distribution of premiums of St. Joseph's College, Buffalo, took place on the 30th June, before a large and respectable concourse of invited guests: the particulars have not yet come to hand.

The Annual Exercises of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, under the care of the Jesuits, took place on the 6th and 7th June. They are highly spoken of for the spirit

and talent of the speakers: The closing address, which seems to have been on the Decay of the Indian Race, is mentioned by the Catholic Herald with especial praise. The instructor calls it a splendid address, and informs us that the young orator's name was Joseph M. Reilly. George J. Strong, Chas. S. Lancaster, Chas. P. Devline, John H. Mullin, D. O. C. Ward, J. Seeger, and Robert F. Walsh, are named as gaining the chief honors of the college.

The ninth annual commencement of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., took place on the 12th. This college numbers over 200 students. Degrees were conferred (B. A.) on — Wm. Donnelly, of New York; Richard Brennan, do; John Manning, do; F. Plowden Morrogh, do; Charles Duncan, Montgomery, Ala.; Geo. Rimsal, New York; Andrew J. Rodrigue, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; Michael Kerrigan, New York; Philip Haveny, Hogansburg, N. Y.; and Alcée A. Atocha: — (M. A.) on John Young, Brooklyn, L. I.; Amedée Vatable, New York; John F. McQuade, Washington, D. C.; and John E. McMahon, do. A debate on "Law, its existence, origin and sanction," by members of the graduating class, and of two hours duration, is mentioned as being quite above what is usually expected on these occasions.

The commencement of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., was held on Wednesday, the 28th of June. The degree of B. A. was conferred on Francis P. Mulgrew, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Augustine J. McConomy, of Lancaster, Pa.; Edward McKee, Peter Fagan, of Ireland; Robert Byrne, of Cincinnati, Ohio; and John Koch, of St. Mary's, Pa. The degree of M. A. was conferred on Charles William Hoffman, of Frederick, Md. Discourses were pronounced as follows: Oration before the Philomathian Society, by Rev. Dr. Cummings, N. Y.; oration on the Crescent and the Cross, by Charles N. Morse, La.; oration on Public Opinion, by Aug. J. McConomy, Lancaster, Pa.; oration on Progress and Perfectibility, by Ed. M. Morse, New Orleans, La.; oration on Steadiness of Purpose, by Chas. Monmonier, Md.; oration on Exercise, by George Carroll Jenkins, Baltimore, Md.

The annual commencement of Georgetown College, D. C., took place on the 11th, and was one of the most interesting occasions of this sort. The President of the United States and members of his Cabinet, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, the Hon. Lewis Cass, and many other persons of distinction, were present; and the President of the United States distributed the premiums. Robert J. Brent, Esq., of Baltimore, delivered the address before the Philodemic Society. The degree of D. D. was conferred on the Very Rev. John Teeling, of Richmond, Va.; L. L. D. on Robert J. Brent, Esq., of Baltimore, Md.; M. D. on T. C. McIntire, D. C., J. H. Moore, D. C., John G. Goulston, England; the degree of A. B. on Fred. L. Smith, Pa., Joseph H. Blandford, Md., Jules D. D. De la Croix, La., Wilson J. Walthall, Ala., Ludvin A. Barge, D. C., Jeremiah Cleveland, S. C., Harvey Bawtree, England, Eugene Longuemare, Mo., Robert Ray, La., and John J. Beall, D. C.

The second annual commencement of Loyola College, Baltimore, was held on the 12th, in the new Assembly Rooms. The exercises were spirited and highly creditable to this young but already flourishing institution, destined, as we hope, to rival and surpass the fame of St. Mary's. The degree of M. A. was conferred on Martin J. Kerney, Richard T. Merrick, Thomas C. Jenkins, and Charles V. Brent, Esqs., and on Drs. James Higgins and Dominick A. O'Donnel. The degree of B. A. on John G. Curlett and Jose Rafael Espin.

8. Ladies' Academies.

St. Joseph's Academy, Philadelphia, under the Sisters of St. Joseph, held its annual Exhibition on the 10th of July. It has about 200 pupils. A very tasteful feature of the exercises was the representation of various nations, and of the four seasons, by bands of young ladies, with appropriate costumes, banners, songs and addresses. The examinations were very satisfactory.

The Academy of the Visitation, Baltimore, held its annual distribution of premiums on the 11th of July. The graceful and lady-like demeanor of the pupils, going up in their uniform white dresses to receive the prizes won by their application, was very much noticed, and the exhibition of the work, drawings, &c., executed by the young ladies during the past year, was pronounced highly creditable to their industry and talent.

The Academy of the Visitation, Mt. De Sales, near Baltimore, gave their distribution on the 13th. The number of pupils here is not so large as at the sister institution in the city, but the exhibition was by no means less interesting: — a great charm was added to it by the musical performances, one of the young ladies of the "graduating class" possessing a voice of rare quality and power, which was put in frequent requisition.

We have heard interesting accounts of several other of our academies, but as yet without details.